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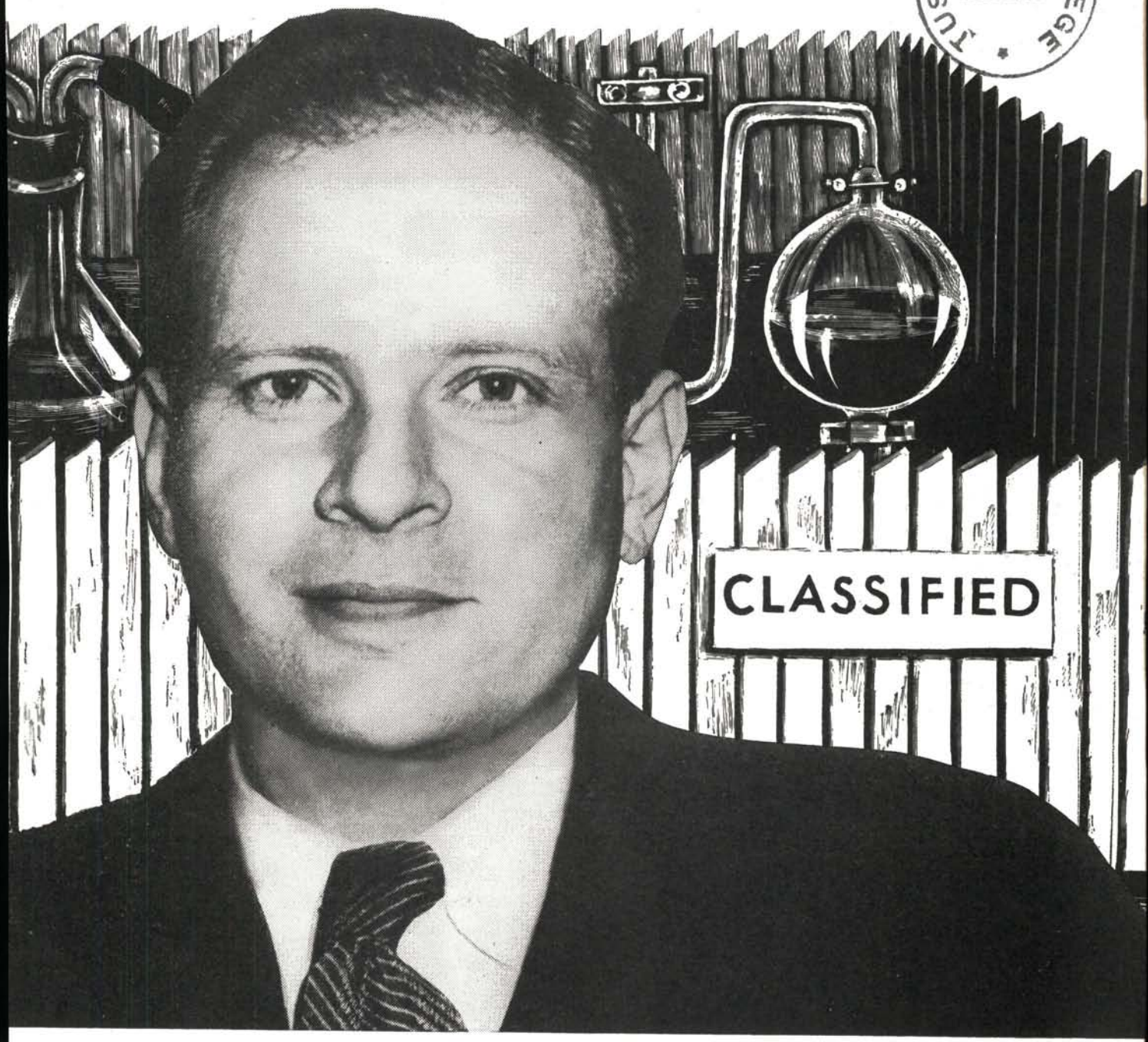

Walter Gellhorn, author of "Security, Loyalty, and Science." *(See page 9)*

A Burst of Berlioz

(See Recordings page 33)

By JACQUES BARZUN

Literary Summing-Up, 1950

A Personal Choice

By W. T. SCOTT

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This Week

December 30, 1950

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien

Picture credits, page 8: Hotchner (Hemingway); Jane Pitts (McCarthy); Eric Schaal (Sandburg); M. Morehouse (Cummings); Pix, Inc. (Fry); Morrice A. Baer (Chute); Blank-Stoller (Perkins).

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N.Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Acting Advertising Director; Jay Woodruff, Advertising Director of Recordings Section; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIII, No. 52, December 30, 1950. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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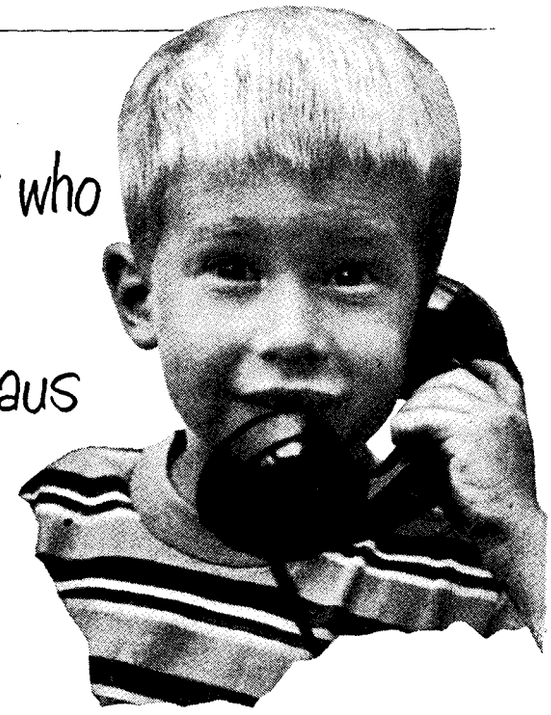
"Where are you?" asked a breathless little voice

The little boy who talked to Santa Claus



Billy was four and a half and as full of questions as a quiz program.

But the telephone man didn't mind. He had a little boy of his own and he knew how it was. Patiently he kept explaining every step as he installed the new telephone in Billy's home.

Finally the job was done and he was about to make the usual call to the Central Office to be sure everything was in perfect working order. But it wasn't the usual call this time.

For it happened to be just a little while before Christmas and you know how excited a little boy of four and a half can get about then. And the installer and his co-workers at the Central Office had something specially arranged for just such a situation.

"Would you like to talk to Santa Claus?" he asked. "Right now — over this telephone?"

"Ooooh! Yesss!" said Billy.

So the telephone man got the Central Office and asked Santa Claus to come to the telephone if he wasn't too busy making toys. Said there was a nice little boy named Billy who wanted to talk to him. By now Billy's eyes were big as saucers, but quick as a flash he had the receiver to his ear. Next thing he knew, he heard a voice saying —

"Hello, Billy. This is Santa Claus."

"Where . . . are . . . you?" asked a breathless little voice.

"The North Pole," said Santa.

"Is it cold up there?" Etc. Etc. Etc.

They talked for several minutes and there wasn't a happier lad in all the land than Billy. You can just bet those telephone people were pretty happy about it too.

THIS IS A TRUE STORY *of how a telephone installer spread gladness among little boys and girls wherever he found them in the homes he visited during the pre-Christmas period. . . . Nobody asked him and his Santa Claus conspirators in the Central Office to do it. It was their own idea — and just another example of the friendly spirit of telephone people. . . . Wherever they are, and whatever they do, they aim to serve you not only with efficiency but with courtesy and consideration as well.*

Bell Telephone System

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TRADE Winds

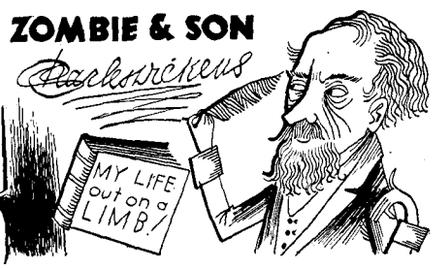
NOBODY EVER WILL KNOW exactly how big a part the title of a book, drama, or movie plays in determining its ultimate success or failure. A shibboleth of Hollywood is —"The name must look good on the marquee." Pollsters have tests to prove that the same story has found wider acceptance under one title than another. Publishers have sat around for the better part of a day trying to retitle properties at the last moment. And yet the fact remains that some of the darndest titles in the world have not prevented certain books from soaring to fame—and furthermore, the accolade of general acceptance often makes a title that sounded worst on the planning board seem not only acceptable but actually inspired in the long run.

Sometimes a single word can turn a title from an also-ran to a world-beater. The publisher of a well-known line of five-cent paper-backs, for instance, once found himself with a big stock of a slow-moving little number called "The King Amuses Himself" (a translation of the famous French "Le Roi S'Amuse"). In a moment of sudden inspiration he added the word "lustful" to the title. "The Lustful King Amuses Himself" became one of the fastest moving items on his list.

SOME OF THE BEST titles I ever heard have been devised, unfortunately, for books that probably never will be written. Super-agent Carl Brandt, for instance, is unlikely to take off enough time to pen his memoirs, but if he ever does, he has the perfect name for them: "I Did It for Ten Per Cent." Harry Kurnitz thinks somebody could make a good thing out of a thriller called "I Ate My Sister." Ira Gershwin believes that for this era of "scientific" mumbo-jumbo and the supernatural, Dickens's novel should be reissued as "Zombie and Son." An out-of-town publisher is keen to bring out the life-story of a renowned but unscrupulous art-dealer under the title of "Rogue's Gallery" but fears the laws governing libel. And *The New Yorker*'s Harold Ross is undoubtedly

kept too busy checking upon caricatures of himself in Broadway plays and novels to get on with *his* autobiography, but its title—if ever he does finish it—has been set as "My Life Out on a Limb." Ross has wormed his way back into good standing at the Stork Club. It's made a new man of him. . . . Speaking of autobiographies, what a story Averell Harriman could tell if he had a mind to! He's been smack in the middle of the world's most momentous conferences and decisions for over twenty years. At a recent dinner in Harriman's honor that matchless master of ceremonies, George Jessel, observed, "Life's been good to Ave from the very beginning. He was born with the Union Pacific in his mouth!"

Some titles are deceptive. A Milwaukee bookseller is ready to testify under oath that a customer bought Hemingway's "Across the River and Into the Trees" under the illusion that it was a golf story. . . . The same gentleman, adds Russell Austin, probably thinks "The Cardinal" is a biography of Stan Musial, "Signal 32" a perfume to replace Chanel 5, and "Eleanor of Aquitaine" Mrs. Billy Rose's adventures at the World's Fair. . . . Despite a savage lambasting by English reviewers, incidentally, the Hemingway book is selling at almost as feverish a clip over there as it is here, and London publisher Jonathan Cape smugly suggests retitling it "Across the Critics and into the Best-Seller Lists."



AS I RECALL THEM, Taylor Caldwell's "Dynasty of Death," Robert Sherwood's "Idiot's Delight," and Charles Wertenbaker's "The Barons" were peopled by munitions manufacturers and their women folk who were tough, domineering, and materialistic. When a slender volume of sensitive verse by Marcella Miller Du Pont turned up on my desk, therefore, I did what the movies call a double take. It appears furthermore that Mrs. Du Pont wrote most of the poems while living in company powder plants or in the equally explosive atmosphere of Washington. Some of them appeared anonymously in *SRL* and other magazines. Her book is called "Sonnets and Lyrics," contains a preface by the late Dixon Wecter, and is published immaculately by the Spiral Press. . . . Most New Yorkers know Westchester as a suburb they don't have to ride the Long Island Railroad to arrive in, or a region where taxes grow ever bigger and golf links harder to reach through bumper-to-bumper week-end traffic. Harry Hansen, however, has dug into the colorful history of Westchester for a fascinating study entitled "North of Manhattan" (Hastings House). In it you will visit the spots where Anne Hutchinson, the Puritan Jezebel, was massacred by the Siwanoys; where the Tory belle Mary Philipse is said to have spurned the suit of George Washington; where John Peter Zenger, pioneer of freedom of the press, began his valiant battle against censorship; where Jonas Bronk dwelt and gave his name (spelled with an X for some unknown reason) to a borough, a cocktail, and a rude noise. Samuel Chamberlain's photographs enhance what Chauncey Depew would have called Mr. Hansen's "Westchesterfieldian Suburbanity." Passing thought: why doesn't some New York newspaper pick up the rights to Harry Hansen's sprightly weekly column about books in the *Chicago Tribune*?

EXIT FARRAR, STRAUS; enter Farrar, Straus, and Young, Inc.—a graceful tribute to Managing Editor Stanley P. Young. The firm has rounded out its first five years in notable fashion. . . . "Bless You All," the rousing new Levin-Smith revue at the Hellinger Theatre, numbers among its most attractive coryphées Sage Fuller. In private life she is the daughter of Mrs. Cass Canfield. The show has so many other prime assets (particularly Valerie Bettis, Pearl Bailey, and a stunning all-around production) the management could well afford to eliminate a tasteless and spectacularly unfunny

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The Disenchanted

By BUDD SCHULBERG, author of WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN? The new #1 National Bestseller as reported in *The N. Y. Times Book Review, The N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review, The Chicago News,* etc. *$3.50*

THE
Delicate Prey
AND OTHER STORIES

By PAUL BOWLES, author of THE SHELTERING SKY. Seventeen stories which have created a sensation among readers and critics. *$3.00*

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William Faulkner

42 short stories by the distinguished author who has just been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. *$4.75*

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SAVINGS BONDS

take-off on modern Southern authors. . . . Charles Poore is now duly accredited book critic for both *The New York Times* and *Harper's Magazine.* How distinguished can you get?

EVERYBODY at Random House is still blushing with pleasure over Dick Simon's warm words that appeared in this space last week. Personally, I love him for all the things he remembered and forgive him for all that he forgot. I was particularly intrigued with his describing us as hopeless conservatives. Frankly, that was a characterization that would never have occurred to me. I made a quick reappraisal of our offices and list of publications, gulped a couple of times, and rushed out to buy a black homburg hat and Brooks Brothers blue serge suit.

RISTO MURRAY, former manager of the Brentano chain, is now in charge of Crown's publicity and promotion. . . . John McClain, who frequently finds space in his column to give a boost to a deserving book, will double as drama critic for the *Journal American* while Bob Garland convalesces from a serious illness. . . . James D. Hart, author of "The Popular Book," notes that the old catch-all title "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog" is now out-of-date. The title that couldn't miss in the 1951 market would be "Roosevelt's Psychiatrist's Egg Ranch." . . . "The Old Northwest," just published by the Indiana Historical Society, contains a New Year's prophecy published in 1839 that still makes sense for 1951:

> There will be more books published this year than will find purchasers, more rhymes written than will find readers, and more bills made out than will find payers. Politicians will make fools of themselves, pettifoggers will make fools of others, and women with pretty faces will make fools of both themselves and others. There will be a continuous cry but little wool, as at a shearing of pigs or a session of Congress.

Definitions from the *Detroit News*: A Communist is a fellow who borrows your pot to cook your goose in; a fool is a man who swallows flattery at one mouthful and drinks truth drop by drop. . . . When Monica McCall's poodle started chewing up a college dictionary the other evening she took the words right out of his mouth. . . . The ambition of the Knopf sales staff is to have a Trollope in every bookstore before spring. . . . Irving Hoffman saw the whole story of life in four successive road signs on a California highway: "Soft Shoulders," "Dangerous Curves," "Men at Work," and "Children Playing."

—BENNETT CERF.

Gertrude, mother of millions

Right above this sentence, you see before you the only existent mother of more then 300,000,000 offspring. She's a wallaby, — a kind of kangaroo — and her name is Gertrude. She is a busy wallaby, doing all around duty as mascot, symbol and colophon for Pocket Books. She appears on every copy and very occasionally can be found in silver, reposing proudly in the homes of authors whose books have sold more than 1,000,000 copies in the Pocket Book edition.

The Pocket Book edition of MICROBE HUNTERS, by Paul de Kruif, is now back on display wherever books and magazines are sold after having been out of print for too long. When this, its 24th printing has been sold out, it, too, will have passed the 1,000,000 copy mark and will earn for its author a silver Gertrude.

An informal checkup on the 55 Pocket Book titles which have passed the 1,000,000 copy level to date casts a pleasant glow on American reading tastes. Contrary to popular misconception, only a minority of the best sellers are mysteries — in fact, 19. One is an anthology of verse, 6 are anthologies of short stories, 1 is an anthology of plays, eight are distinguished modern fiction and one is a fiction classic. The four leading titles are all non-fiction, three of them reference works:

THE POCKET BOOK OF BABY AND CHILD CARE *by Benjamin A. Spock, M.D.*
THE MERRIAM-WEBSTER POCKET DICTIONARY
THE POCKET COOK BOOK
HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE *by Dale Carnegie*

Within the next six months, another fifteen titles will in all probability pass the million copy mark, including the first non-Perry Mason stories by Erle Stanley Gardner to reach such heights and that wonderful reference work—ROGET'S POCKET THESAURUS.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Literary Summing-Up

A Personal Winnowing of 1950's Books

W. T. SCOTT

W. T. Scott

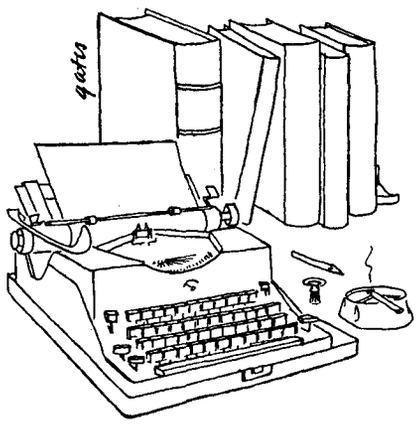
THE PIOUS practice of sifting the past twelve months' new books for gold has whatever virtue popularity has. Everybody does it. December blossoms with lists of "best books" from three to three hundred, and with articles such as this aimed somewhere in between.

The articles often sternly conclude that gold was scarce. But it always is. And, if literary history teaches anything, you can be quite sure that if a masterpiece has occurred almost nobody knows it—and that any "masterpieces" said to have occurred probably have not. Nevertheless it is permissible to arrive at a personal judgment—I would call attention to that phrase—on the variety, vitality, substantiality, promise, on the *interest* of a year's attempts at literature in our language. It is my impression on that basis that 1950 was a better than average year.

This was true in all fields, even in the spotty list of fiction. Not that there aren't some famous names to carp at. Tennessee Williams with "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" proffered a miasmic little tale of degeneracy which went up in steam between what it was supposedly doing and what it actually did: Mrs. Stone is vague amidst the vapors, but a part of Roman society with its beautiful young men is sharply, yet disproportionately and not quite honestly, revealed. John Steinbeck, pursuing his mixture of novel and play, in "Burning Bright" carved out some very dead wood. His mixture led him into theatrical dialogue which is simply unreal, and the whole business gets more so in Steinbeck's attempt to generalize his point by shifting his characters' occupations. The failure is sad, for he had a good, affirmative thing to say about the "shining" in human life.

A revival of the hoary taunt that it's easier to find fault than to have written, and therefore somehow illegitimate to find fault—this especially from Ernest Hemingway's defenders—seems to me pointless; even when William Faulkner says it. To paraphrase Amy Lowell: Christ! What are critics for? Or reviewers? Anyway, as to "Across the River and Into the Trees," I must join the ranks of the defenders—well to the rear of the O'Hara front line, but opposed to those who would toss the book out as an embarrassing parody of Hemingway.

One has to admit this novel is second-rate Hemingway. It is thin. It is repetitious. It is laced with a military



and sports psychology or morality, at worst immature, at best sentimental. Uncertainty of touch and taste is everywhere. Yet look at it for what it is: emotionally and intellectually autobiographical it is a lyric—a lyric of middle-age and youth, of love and death. It can be understood only as an intensely personal cry. And as such it has descriptive and dramatic passages of power and poignancy. One can say they are intermittent and unsustained, but one cannot name another living novelist capable of their immediacy or purity of feeling and expression. And they combine to a final and moving tone.

ASIDE from the Hemingway at least three other American novels star the year. They are Robert Penn Warren's "World Enough and Time," John Hersey's "The Wall," and Budd Schulberg's "The Disenchanted."

Perhaps defensively, Warren labeled his book "a romantic novel." His narrative is ripe, and sometimes rotten-ripe, with lush complexities of lust, love, revenge—and Southern politics. Its shuttling between Brontëan passages and Twainian passages is disconcerting, though the brooding suspense of the first and the precise Americana of the second is each in its way impressive. You might say that sometimes beneath his talent Warren's deliberation is showing. All the same it is a big book possible only to exceptional talent. Its theme—What is justice?—with its development in individualistic equations perhaps has a more symbolic value foreshadowing the South's road to Civil War than reviewers have noted.

Hersey on the other hand was any-

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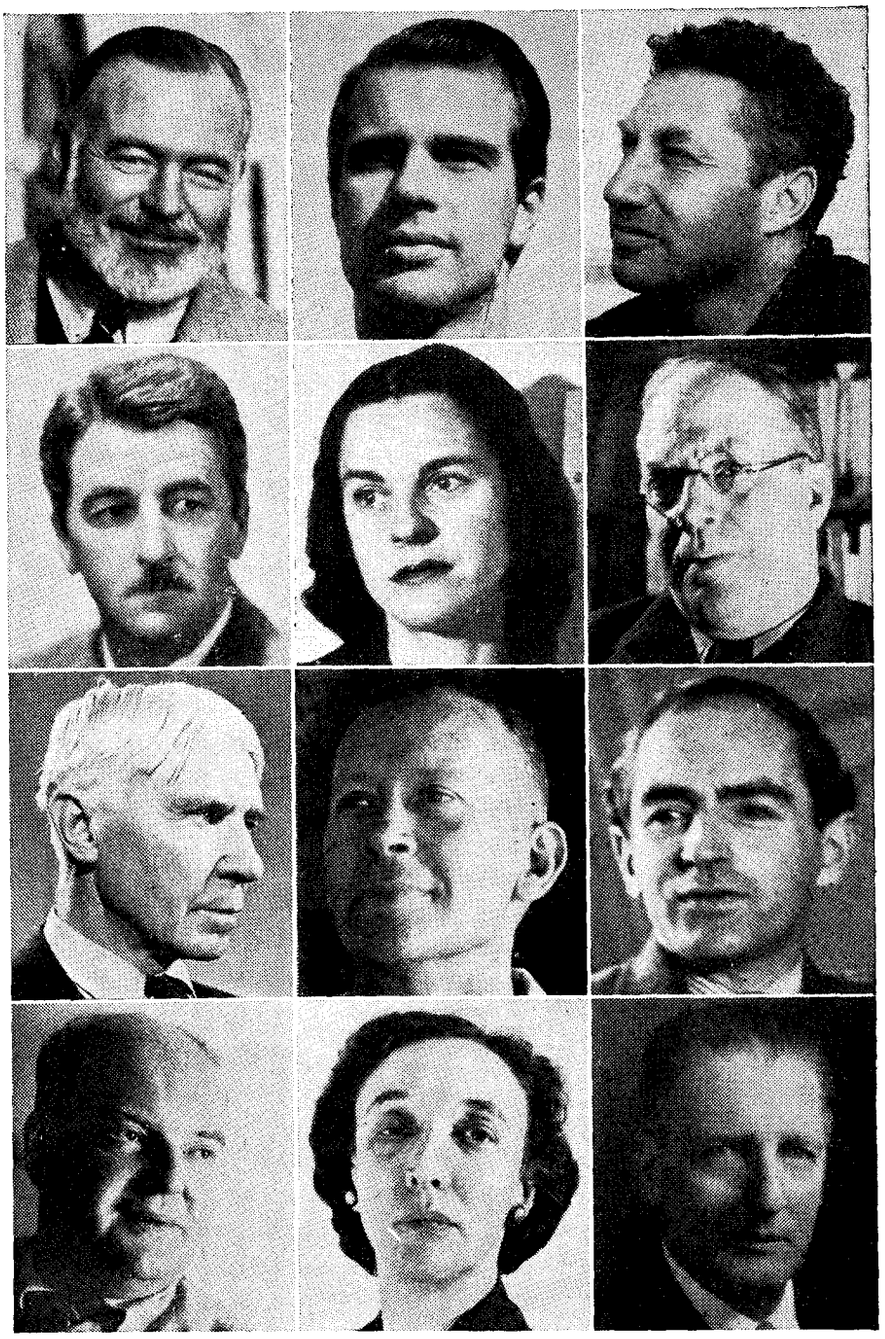
thing but romantic in his terrible account of the Warsaw ghetto, Nazi-created and Nazi-destroyed. "The Wall" brings to full pitch in the novel the methods of the documentary movie, which tend to tell a significant story in a seemingly impersonal way and to amass it. The factual air of "The Wall" is astounding. It seems a true record of one of the great tragedies of our time and by implication both an honoring of the human spirit and an indictment of man's inhumanity. It is heavy, slow-going, at first confusing, and sometimes dull. What is admirable about it may have little to do with creative writing. Yet as I say that I am aware that here is sustainment on a scale vastly beyond the usual.

FOR me it is, as you see, the most difficult to assess of all the important novels of the year; and perhaps that is one sign of its eminence. The most interesting review I read of "The Wall," one by Frank Merchant, asserted that "while critics have been casting about frustratedly, looking into exotic styles, into New Orleans curio shops and San Francisco bookie parlors for a fresh and great American talent in fiction," Hersey has been "growing straightforwardly, out of the smart-aleck diction of the Luce-papers, by gazing steadily at the surface of the war-torn world until his novelistic vision has pierced through into its depths." In that assertion is a judgment of John Hersey's direction which one must applaud.

In "The Disenchanted" Schulberg did not illustrate the apologia from Henry James which prefaces the book. His Manley Halliday is not at all a general type created from many observed particulars; he is a portrait, sometimes literally and always (at least in intention) spiritually, of F. Scott Fitzgerald. So be it. I think the portrait wholly convincing. There may be more to be understood about Fitzgerald (we await a biography by Arthur Mizener), but Schulberg's Halliday is the believable wreck of a greatly gifted writer; in his vanities and tensions he preserves the dignity of one who believes in the value of art, and in his wretched drunkenness his mind still functions as the spying artist's. His story explains his ruin well enough. There are dozens of rightnesses in the details of "The Disenchanted" and some major triumphs as well: notably the evocation of the 1920's and the touchingly mutable relationship between Halliday and his young collaborator.

The year cannot be summarized without mention of Henry Morton Robinson's success, "The Cardinal," but I have not read it; and I regretfully confess the same neglect of two first novels which, it is obvious from their notices, belong in a selected list: Frederick Buechner's "A Long Day's Dying" and Brendan Gill's "The Trouble of One House."



Top row: (left to right): Novelists Ernest Hemingway, John Hersey, Budd Schulberg. Second row: Short-story writers William Faulkner, Mary McCarthy, Conrad Aiken. Third row: Poets Carl Sandburg, E. E. Cummings, and Britisher Christopher Fry. Bottom row: Critic Edmund Wilson, biographer Marchette Chute, editor Maxwell Perkins.

Among the first novels I happened to read there were a few of special merit. Cleveland Amory played a merry variation on integrity and charlatanry in "Home Town" and J. Saunders Redding a racial variation in "Strangers and Alone." "Meg," by Theodora Keogh, showed amidst some weird vagaries an honest eye for reporting children; and Max Steele, after an unpromising start, made his dim-witted "Debby" memorable.

Solidly and without flash, Conrad Richter terminated his indigenous trilogy with "The Town." Christine Weston added to her superior shelf "The World Is a Bridge." Rather unnoticed, Robert Smith brought craftsmanship to the naturalistic school in "One Winter in Boston." Calder Willingham performed pyrotechnics of talk in his "Geraldine Bradshaw," a comedy of frustrations which was generally and mistakenly dismissed; such effervescence is almost Joycean.

Were there any "tendencies"? None

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of any importance seems discernible, except that a few people tend to write well and most people do not—which is always true. Or perhaps that novels were less bodied-forth than that they tended, the best of them, to proceed from autobiography, biography, and historical record; perhaps the simple fact that much of our expert fiction is in short stories and that, as of 1950, more publishers afforded us collections of them.

Heading the list is the new Nobel winner Faulkner with his "Collected Stories;" and while his most seminal writing is in his novels the best of these shorter pieces bear his distinctive mark. Like books of poems, books of short stories long since necessitated the rubber-stamp "uneven"; still there was much for rejoicing in the year's gatherings: the "Short Stories" of Conrad Aiken, one of the best unappreciated writers at large; "Make Light of It," by William Carlos Williams, at last come into his deserved reputation; Mary McCarthy's deadpan devastations in "Cast a Cold Eye"; and well observed folkways in "The Women on the Wall," by Wallace Stegner, "The Sunnier Side," by Charles Jackson, "The Old Man of the Mountain," by Allan Seager, and "The Watchful Gods," by Walter Van Tilburg Clark.

THERE were flurries of revival for Ronald Firbank and Nathanael West, continuing publication of the novels of Charles Williams and of Trollope, and the important translation of Stendhal's two-volume "Lucien Leuwen"—secondary Stendhal out-tops most novels. Joyce Cary's reputation for comedy flourished here with two books, "The Horse's Mouth" and "A Fearful Joy." "Back" and others of Henry Green's divertissements came in, and there was, contrary to its author's opinion, an inferior Evelyn Waugh, "Helena." Maybe Anthony West's "The Vintage" introduced a new Englishman of importance. The best of the British novels were Rose Macaulay's "The World My Wilderness," with its fine postwar symbolism, and Henry Williamson's "The Phasian Bird," with its more poetic grasp of the forces for and against life. Real terror is summoned in "The Twenty-fifth Hour," by C. Virgil Gheorghiu and in "The Case of Comrade Tulayev," by Victor Serge. But none of these and nothing before mentioned compares with the full-fledged splendor rediscovered in Ford Madox Ford's Tietjens novels, "Parade's End."

Galsworthy used to say that World War I smashed the society he knew, the way of life he could write about; after it his books were ventures in nostalgia. Ford's novels use the smash itself as theme. They are therefore in part war novels designed, as Ford once said, to show "the worry" of wartime. But they are also novels of social class. They are above all novels of character, which, I will guess, insures their permanency. For it is all very well to say, as any writer should, that the architecture of these books—their management of time-shift, their orchestral effects—is brilliant. But Ford is not only a stylist, not only a writer's writer: his story makes Christopher Tietjens and his girl curiously endearing, the people around them important. Yet Ford is caviar. There is something about his thoughtfulness as a composer which annoys many readers and entrances those fewer who *want* to watch how the thing is done. "Parade's End" may endure, then, less as constant fare in English literature than as one of those secondary classics every now and then rediscovered; of its kind a great thing, overshadowing the swift and shallow fictions which float through every year.

It seems natural to move from Ford (and fiction) to poetry. With the exception of one playwright, the interesting books are all American; for the moment we are not importing the British. As a matter of fact, most years some of the best of our writing occurs in verse. Public indifference is famous. What is less often observed is reviewers' indifference; but if you note the *SRL*'s annual Pulitzer poll you will see that frequently 50 per cent of reviewers queried make no poetry nomination at all. This is not because poetry is beneath their contempt but because it is above their comprehension. It's too bad, and I don't doubt less due to lack of intelligence than to a weary laziness.

Three distinguished elders published books: Carl Sandburg his "Complete Poems," Wallace Stevens "The Auroras of Autumn," and the ubiquitous Dr. Williams "Collected Later Poems." These would make any year in American poetry considerable. But in addition there were E. E. Cummings's "Kaire," the "Letters of Ezra Pound," the verse plays of T. S. Eliot and (the British exception) Christopher Fry, and also some unusually intelligent anthologies and several collections by younger men. Barring a demand for a new Shakespeare it would be foolish to cavil at the record.

Still I must say regretfully that the massive gathering of Sandburg's book is disillusioning. He dates. What should have been an event in American poetry seems to reduce to a page in its history. The poetry seems to have lost most of its freshness and significance. Some of the smaller, simple things have charm, but generally the effects are so few and the substance cursory. I have the weakness of liking to revere my elders, so I could hope to be wrong; perhaps the times and the prevailing mood are out of joint for Sandburg. It is easier, certainly, to find delight in the magic of the colored ribbons-out-of-the-hat of Stevens's esthetic ruminations, or in the quick notes—so fresh and alive—of Williams. Yet it may be in preferring their work one is only firm on that carousel of poetic fashion which constantly whirls. In any case all three have given much of their lives to American poetry; they are honorable men.

Ford Madox Ford—"full-fledged splendor."

SO IS Cummings. He doesn't change much. His insouciance and wistfulness are about what they always were, and as an established middle-aged poet he remains as cocky as in his naughty youth. We have no finer lyricist, no more captivating inventor of phrase.

A similar delight in words, a similar energy and humor are an important part of what makes Fry so exciting a dramatist in print no less than on the stage. A dry intellectuality has imprisoned much contemporary poetry, and though Fry has more genius than control his very spillover looks and sounds like a spring morning suddenly lighted up outside the classroom window. The failure of "The Cocktail Party" is fundamentally its failure as poetry. It would be silly to boost Fry by beating Eliot with him;

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Freedom & Loyalty.

While the threat of an aggressive Communism to the free world grows more acute by the hour, the liberty of individuals in a free nation like the United States is increasingly imperiled. The problem of strengthening our national security while holding fast to our traditions of personal liberty has been approached in a number of ways during the past year by half a dozen fine books, but never more ably than by the three books reviewed this week: Professor Walter Gellhorn's "Security, Loyalty, and Science," a study made under a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation; Professor Harold D. Lasswell's "National Security and Individual Freedom," based on research done for the Committee for Economic Development, and Carey McWilliams's "Witch Hunt," the independent work of a crusading journalist.

Crisis of a Free World

SECURITY, LOYALTY, AND SCIENCE. By Walter Gellhorn. Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press. 300 *pp.* $3.

NATIONAL SECURITY AND INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM. By Harold D. Lasswell. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 259 *pp.* $3.50.

By JOHN E. BURCHARD

THE crisis of a shrinking free world is twofold. There is risk of further shrinkage or even ultimate extinction by outside forces polarized around the USSR. But we might come to much the same end through our own internal efforts aimed at reducing the first risk. We understand the first danger now, but the second is harder to conjecture. If we of the free world are to win through it will be only through tenacious faith in our principles, through sobriety, through patience, and, above all, through eternal vigilance about the second and more subtle risk.

It is impossible therefore to view with anything but enthusiasm the appearance of these two thoughtful and well-reasoned books. They are of substantially different scope and therefore scale. Walter Gellhorn furnishes a heavily documented analysis of one important part of the problem. Harold D. Lasswell covers the entire set of risks, several of which are greater and probably more important than those which concern Gellhorn. Although the risks are so interwoven that warp cannot be separated from woof their relative significances may be appropriately measured by the fact that not over a tenth of Lasswell's pages are devoted to the subjects of Gellhorn's total number.

Although Gellhorn at Columbia and Lasswell at Yale are both professors of law neither book is in any sense legalistic. Each is scholarly in the best sense, which means that it is well documented, judicious, and free from cant or jargon. Any intelligent reader can comprehend either. And any intelligent citizen ought to set out to.

Because Mr. Lasswell's book is far-reaching and extraordinarily compact it is quite hopeless in a few words to do more than indicate its scope. It analyzes each element of the problem and then makes suggestions as to how to work on each. One might take exception to many of the suggestions.

For example, the author never mentions the institution known as the Office of the President although he is concerned with how to improve the executive process. He attributes capacities to the Library of Congress which it clearly does not now possess and which it perhaps never can and never should possess. His ideas as to the relation between the National Security Council and the Cabinet may cause some to blink. Furthermore he uses rather light arguments to dismiss the view that Congressional responsibility might be greater if our ministers were drawn from the legislative body as in England. The same might be said as to his despair that party responsibility will ever emerge here.

But such criticism is really captious. Lasswell himself offers a disclaimer on his first page: "It is less important, perhaps, that a brief book about our problem arrive at definitive recommendations than that it does something to focus attention upon the issues at stake, and helps to create a climate of opinion in which the talents of scholars and statesmen are challenged to cope with immediate emergencies with an eye upon enduring goals and principles." Scientists know that once a scientific problem has been carefully stated it may well be on the way toward solution. Lasswell's analysis has carefully stated the problem.

What, in a capsule, is this analysis? First we find a sketch of the foundations of crisis. These rest upon international anarchy, the bipolar struggle of world politics, the transfer of American influence and interest from the periphery to the center, the reduced importance of geography and distance, the advantages of despotisms in a "game of secrecy and surprise assaults," the inherently aggressive nature of an energetic despotism, and upon reasons (in particular the racial reason) for the appeal of Communism outside the USSR. This picture is not all grim. For example, "the response to the Soviet message is greatest where the knowledge of modern industrialism is least." There *have* been failures of Russian propaganda and not alone in the USA. The USSR *does* have some ideological vulnerabilities; the free world *does* have some ideological strengths. That all this is sharply depicted in twenty-two pages may show the character of the work.

The crisis, Lasswell asserts (and most of us would agree), will be a long one, measured in many years. We must then examine the consequence of measures we might take to combat the more obvious peril. We might embrace measures of restriction with unnecessary ardor. Worse still, it might happen that maintaining a garrison-police state became a habit. For example, the courts are a shield and bulwark but "courts await the approach of litigants."

The forces pressing for such a state are especially violent when a large rearmament program is under way. They work on every institution and every person. The important things threatened by this process are civilian supremacy in government, freedom of information, civil liberties, and a free economy. The threats to each of these are presented logically, soberly, without scareheads. The effect is impelling.

The author then appropriately examines the executive, legislative, and judicial arms of the government and finally the people themselves. He tries to define the special problems in each area and here he sets forth his ideas as to what can be done about them.

The remedial proposals are of various weights. Some of them are persuasive, many are not. Like the end of a mystery novel it is best to leave

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their ultimate discovery to the reader.

"Security, Loyalty, and Science" turns the microscope up several stages to look explicitly at the effect on science alone of a few of the measures, particularly those restrictions on information and on the individuals who may engage in certain studies. Analogies with other equally significant areas of human activity would not be hard to draw.

Gellhorn is practical; he knows that not all military scientific work can be freely published and circulated. He knows that most security restrictions have been applied honestly and not to cover up past ineptitudes or to protect (as he does not note) governmental patent rights. But despite this general honesty there is no premium for the man in government who lets the public in on information and there is penalty for one who opens a book that should have remained closed. The incentives are uni-directional.

The worst of this is, though, that these restrictions undermine science. It becomes hard, sometimes impossible to train new young scientists in what they ought to know. It is hard to interest scientists in some kinds of work because of the restrictions; many a stigma may never be pollinated; work is duplicated. Loyalty trials act as a brake on the enthusiasm of scientists (or indeed of anyone else) for government service. These same things, coupled with enormous military research budgets, threaten university administration and independence. This impedes the progress of science itself and therefore affects the national physical security in a vital place.

All this is well enough known to scientists who have been clamoring about it for upward of five years. But Gellhorn has put the material together in convincing form; and it may also be more convincing to hear the words from a non-scientist even though most of his copious references are from the utterances of scientists. The only misfortune of the book is that, even more than Lasswell's, it is better at diagnosis than it is at prescription, save perhaps for the chapter on fair procedures in loyalty trials.

A social scientist should perhaps read Gellhorn to find a detailed background for part of a social problem; a natural scientist might try Lasswell for perspective on his own professional troubles. Most of us would do well to read both, ponder, and then do something about the threat. What, as the authors show, is harder to say.

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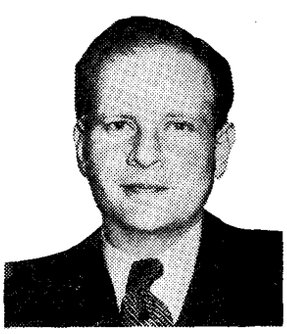

THE AUTHOR: There is sometimes a startling rightness about a specific authorship. Not going so far as to say that Walter Gellhorn was born to write this present investigation on certain aspects of the intricacies of loyalty and security, nevertheless he seems so suited to his subject and the treatment thereof that any interviewer, delightfully aware of the uniqueness of such a serene and modestly authoritative man, is hard put to know where book leaves off and man (including green eyes and an almost startling blond healthiness) begins. He graduated from Amherst College in 1927, where he majored in political science. Law was an afterthought, he claims, but his rapid rise to authority in his specialty—administrative law—suggests that the afterthought must have been always subconsciously potent. He graduated from Columbia Law School in 1931 and became law secretary to the late Chief Justice Harlan Stone. In 1935 he began teaching his specialty—a field which has become headline news in the last generation—on the law faculty at Columbia. In 1939-40 he was the director of the Attorney General's Committee on Administrative Procedure. The complete list of his other posts is too exhaustive to cite but certainly none of them ever exhausted him. That's the "security" part of the book identification: his indisputable satisfaction with his life and work ("so that I don't need any hobbies except weeding our garden in Englewood, New Jersey, and playing the slowest game of tennis north of the Mason-Dixon line since 1872"). As for "loyalty" all of his pursuits add up to his belief that "if we are to have a society of free men, all its members must be treated as free." And "science" is implicit in his working methods as well as the quote from Thomas Brattle, a leading Bostonian of 1692, which ends his book: "It is irksome . . . to go back when a man's doing so is an implication that he has been walking in the wrong path; however nothing is more honorable than, upon due conviction, to retract . . . what has been amiss and irregular." —K. S.

The Meaning of Loyalty

WITCH HUNT: The Revival of Heresy. By Carey McWilliams. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 361 pp. $3.50.

By Merle Miller

CAREY McWILLIAMS says he wrote his book for "those who favor the burning of witches." I doubt if very many witch-burners will read it or, if they do, that it will influence them much. We are now at the stage when it will be easier to dismiss Mr. McWilliams's arguments by calling their author a name, an epithet which once uttered can and at the moment usually does end a man's effectiveness —and if he denies the name, that probably proves he's all the more guilty. It's a neat, increasingly popular, but exceedingly dangerous game—which of course is the reason for "Witch Hunt."

Unfortunately, as so often happens this book's audience may be only those who already agree with McWilliams's point of view—that unhappy few who are just as scared and indignant over what's going on in this country as he is. Not that McWilliams is infallible. Since he spouts an average of a half-dozen opinions a page, he's bound to step on someone's cherished ideas at least once. He did on some of mine. Very early in "Witch Hunt" he says that the Truman Loyalty Program has been a deplorable failure (agreed); then he leaps to the conclusion that "McCarthyism is a direct outgrowth" (maybe, but he doesn't prove it).

Nowhere does McWilliams discuss the peculiar conspiratorial nature of the Communist Party; he pays no attention to the often frightening evidence brought forth at the recent Foley Square trials presided over by Judge Medina. Like the Henry Wallace of a couple of years ago, McWilliams believes that "to grant that the Communist ideology runs counter to the American tradition of nonconformity does not mean that a Communist cannot be a loyal American." (I'd argue that.)

But the point isn't whether Carey McWilliams is always right; it is even less important whether or not he can be labeled a "fellow traveler," whatever that seldom defined and very much overused epithet means. What matters is what he says about one of the most important problems now facing Americans—the meaning of loyalty. Wisely, McWilliams early in the book quotes the urgent definition of Henry Steel Commager: "What is the new loyalty? It is, above all, conformity." And on his own the author cogently adds, "The people who seek

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to coerce loyalty are the people who fear freedom."

In addition to hopping (often superficially) through other hysterical eras and discussing earlier American attempts at suppression (the Alien and Sedition Acts, for example) McWilliams spends most of his time examining some of the more current stupidities: the incident of Hans Freistadt, the young Austrian-American studying theoretical, non-secret physics at the University of North Carolina and whose studies were interrupted, perhaps permanently, because (a) he refreshingly admitted he was a Communist and (b) he had been awarded a scholarship by the Atomic Energy Commission; the strange, unlovely story of what happened at the once great University of California; the remarks of a certain Congressman Dondero, who is convinced that practically all modern art is subversive.

There are dozens of true horror stories in "Witch Hunt," but McWilliams has not had space to consider all the recent violations of the American idea; only a five-foot shelf could manage that.

I found the detailed account of what happened at the University of Washington the most frightening of all. There, after a lengthy legislative "investigation" which makes the antics of J. Parnell Thomas seem circumspect and judicial, charges were filed against six members of the faculty by the university administration. The six represented varying and often conflicting shades of opinion, but that didn't matter. Their common crime was being unorthodox, and one of them, Dr. Garland Ethel, infuriated the self-appointed guardians of liberty by declaring that although he was a Communist until 1941 (when he resigned) he would not say who among his associates had been in the party with him.

"My particular honor," Dr. Ethel stated, "forbids that kind of naming of persons to their possible injury, but most of all it's a question of living up to my own standards of conduct." Weigh that against the statement of Dr. Raymond B. Allen, president of the university and one of those who went along with the legislative witch-burners. "If someone insists there is discrimination against Negroes in this country or that there is inequality of wealth," Dr. Allen once said, "there is every reason to believe that person is a Communist."

Carey McWilliams's fine book left me with the sad feeling that the Allens are rapidly taking over in this country; for further information see tomorrow's newspaper. Our only hope is that the Ethels will not be silenced —or the McWilliamses either.

Fiction. *The belated discovery on this side of the Atlantic of the works of the English writer Henry Green has led to the publication of five of his oddly titled novels in fourteen months. The latest offerings, "Concluding" and "Caught," appear on the same date in separate volumes as reflections from two of the many facets of Mr. Green's mind. Both are concerned with the war years: a girls' school in the country on a tranquil day and the grim business of fighting night fires in London during the blitz. Another English novel, "The Impossible Shore," is centered in a British officer who runs away from a German prison camp after the Russians take over. "A Family Romance," an American first, by Elizabeth Pollet is so intelligent and sensitive a story of the emotional troubles of isolated New Englanders that seduction, incest, and death seem almost normal occurrences.*

Two Worlds of Henry Green

CONCLUDING. By Henry Green. New York: The Viking Press. 254 pp. $3.

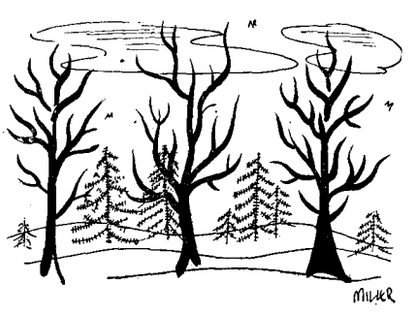
CAUGHT. The same. 196 *pp.* $3.

By Walter Havighurst

EACH time Mr. Green takes up a new story he seems a new writer. To read one after another of a writer's books is generally to gain an enlarging impression of the same country, a broadening view of the country of his mind. But Mr. Green seems to have many minds, and each new book opens onto a different representation of human circumstance and experience. There is little resemblance between these two novels and neither bears any special likeness to his other works.

Both the present novels are laid in England during time of war. War throws little shadow into "Concluding"; yet there is a girl from the Service, suffering from a breakdown caused by overwork. There is also a housing shortage, which threatens a mild old man with eviction from his cottage in the country. Otherwise war has no place in the sunny summer day that provides its background.

It is a curious story, part whimsy, part satire, part mystery, and it does not add up at all. In a kind of glancing manner (which is the only quality common to all of Mr. Green's novels) he picture a girls' school on a summer day in the quiet countryside. It is a little world with no intrusions from the world outside, but it has its own tensions and intrigues.



Here, oddly, lives an odd man, a Mr. Rock—"old and famous," also deaf, somewhat doddering, and wholly devoted to his granddaughter. Mr. Rock is, or has been, a scientist of renown. The world seems to know him, though he does not know the world.

In the big house with the girls live the schoolmistresses, Miss Edge and Miss Baker. They want Rock's little cottage to house a man who can tend the furnaces and the lawns. But their scheming to get rid of Mr. Rock is forgotten in their sudden concern when two girls are reported missing.

The story takes place on Founder's Day at the school. The day opens with Ted, the goose, staring up through the morning fog where the sun will soon appear. Ted is carefully fed and tended by Mr. Rock, who also takes careful charge of Alice the cat and Daisy the pig. These animals seem brighter than the people, and less troubled. The schoolgirls are definitely brighter than the suspicious women "who stand guard over the Essential Goodness in this great Place."

But before the day is over there is an excitement that stirs even the tranquil animals. "There was a rush out there towards him, a rising string of honks like an old-fashioned bicycle, and the goose, which had never flown before, came noisily by at a speed six feet off the ground, while Daisy grunted." Mr. Rock thought that Ted, who had started the day listening to the honking of wild fowl in the morn-

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ing mist, had taken permanent flight. But when he went in darkness to Ted's kennel the bird was quietly at home. So the flurry was over. Mr. Rock got the cat some milk, put on his yellow woolen nightshirt, and went contentedly to bed. He had observed earlier in the day: "Everything will settle itself in the end."

Since these two novels are issued simultaneously some readers will take them together—as I did. They are going to be surprised. The assurance that things will settle themselves seemed comfortably established when I closed the blue-backed "Concluding" and opened the coral-backed "Caught." But a new novel is a new world, especially when Mr. Green is the author. I quickly found another England, another war, and another weather. And it was apparent that here things would not settle themselves.

At the outbreak of war Richard Roe, a well-to-do widower, has joined the Auxiliary Fire Service—the service which saved London in her night blitzes. His early realization is that "war puts men in this position, that they can do little about their own affairs." They are caught.

Of all Mr. Green's novels "Caught" contains the most trouble, the most searching, and the most feeling. In "Concluding" the characters are seen as though from far off, diminished by distance. But there are moments in "Caught" when the people come close enough for one to feel the clumsy weight of their firemen's clothing, the swollen stiffness of their hands, the silence in which they listened on moonlit nights that May to broadcasts of the retreat through the Low Countries and the evacuation from Dunkirk.

Richard Roe joined the Fire Service "because he had for years wanted to see inside these turreted buildings, and also because he had always been afraid of heights." He wanted to gratify one feeling and to overcome another. He found more than that. He found that war brings everyone together. In dirt and tiredness he was like the multitude of toilers. He discovered that other men and women, supposedly simpler than himself, could also be caught, not only in war but in the darkness and the briars of their own memory.

Mr. Green is not much concerned about making things easy for his readers. Here he is more interested in feelings and relationships than in a chronological story. So he thoroughly tangles the time threads in his narrative. Perhaps it is especially true in war that the past will not stay quiet in its place and the future will not wait. And nothing can be counted on to settle itself.

Man with Obsessions in a Corner

THE IMPOSSIBLE SHORE. By Robert Kee. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 266 pp. $3.

By Siegfried Mandel

FROM the quoted praise on the jacket one gathers that the English critics who have had a first look at this novel (Bowen, Pritchett, Strong Quennel) liked what they saw. There are phrases like "articulate and bold . . . intellectual fearlessness . . . vivid, thoughtful, and engaging . . . what Mr. Kee says is all but unanswerable . . . the failure of the sensitive, liberal human being." Without doubt Robert Kee, journalist, writer, and RAF man during the war, has a muscular and compelling style which propels a superlative story; however, the elements of the story display to my mind rather intellectual fearsomeness, statements which not only are answerable but need answering and an insensitive illiberality on the part of Johnny Clay, the narrator of this novel.

Confined to a German prison camp at Hügeldorf, Johnny Clay, a captured RAF man, looks with anxiety to his day of liberation, which finally occurs in 1945. In sharp camera-focus we see Russian tanks tear through the prison wire like cutthroat razors. Where Clay expected to feel joy he now experiences fear as the Russian faces appear, savage, hostile, unsmiling—although occasionally a wide Mongolian face splits into a wide, childlike grin. Clay is so obsessed, in either pleasure or terror, by faces that he becomes psychologically incapable of penetrating surfaces, a fact which renders his personality insecure and ineffectual.

Through his ability to speak Russian Clay becomes an interpreter, and with the new privileges attending those who become part of the camp administration he begins to feel significant. He eagerly savors the luxuries which he has been deprived of for so long—good food and the privacy of a real room. Enjoyment does not come easy as guilt nags him, and he curses his "perpetual inner struggle between pleasure and morality." But as the story develops it is pleasure and self-satisfaction which, through a subtle process of rationalizing, determine Clay's morality. At this point Major Rankin, a Jugoslav liaison officer, invades Clay's privacy by encamping in his room. Rankin has all the self-possession and urbanity which Clay lacks and gradually he takes the passively resisting Clay in hand, convincing him that it would be wise to make their escape before the Russians take over completely. Clay's impulse to escape the unmanageable problems of DP administration is stronger than his resentment of Rankin's mastery and they make their way to the German village of Tannenwalde where they are quartered by the Russian commandant with Herr Kermbach and his daughter Charlotte.

Since the war is by no means over, battle-lines are still in flux and Russian soldiers just out of action bubble into the village "like some foul lava." Clay helps save Charlotte from a yellow-faced, grinning Russian who wants to achieve by brute force what Clay later fails to reach by shy salesmanship. Naturally the Hermbachs are grateful, and gratitude is something which gives Clay a kind of violent pleasure. In fact he will accept gratitude and flattery from Wehrmacht officers, unreformed Nazis, almost going berserk trying to help them. Perhaps unconsciously he hates the Russian because he feels under constant obligation to express gratitude for his liberation. When Clay finds that Charlotte prefers the urbane Rankin he literally runs away, hitchhiking across the Elbe where two Americans with the "glib fleshy

(*Continued on page 26*)

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Alcohol. *No time of the year is more traditionally associated with the cup that cheers than the week falling between Yule and New Year's. But, like all good things enjoyed to excess, alcohol produces a Problem—a Problem examined by the books reviewed below historically, inspirationally, scientifically, and flippantly. Herbert Asbury's "The Great Illusion" is doubly useful because it informs the generation too young to have known Prohibition at first hand and punctures some of the illusions of that which did. "You Can Stop Drinking" and "The Other Side of the Bottle" (and also "Primer on Alcoholism," to be reviewed soon) are designed to help the alcoholic in his bout with the bottle. One need never have touched a drop to enjoy the humor of Partch's "Bottle Fatigue."*

Revolution by Speakeasy

THE GREAT ILLUSION: An Informal History of Prohibition. By Herbert Asbury. New York: Doubleday & Co. 344 pp. $4.

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

THIS is a voluminously informative and occasionally gay account, bolstered with vast research, on how prohibition of alcoholic drinking came to the United States, why it didn't work, and how it was annihilated. Yet upcoming gaffers of the current decades who merited orders of the Purple Kidney for their services above and beyond the call of duty to the cause of repeal during the 1920's may feel a certain disappointment about it.

Herbert Asbury, though quite obviously at no time a dry himself, shoots holes in too many of our favorite fighting clichés. The Eighteenth Amendment of emetic memory was not, he demonstrates, "put over" on us while the boys were overseas in World War I. In practical politics dry victory was won in the 1916 elections, when "the boys" were all home and voting and our participation in the struggle to "make the world safe for democracy" was still five months off. The awful moment came, Mr. Asbury protests, when America was dry by a genuine majority.

Again, after the amendment went into effect on January 17, 1920, our bootleggers were not the charmingly picaresque characters we fancied them to be. They were mainly sweated laborers and salesmen working for the insalubrious gangster syndicates composed of murderers, panderers, and pervert procurers on the make for the big money—rather than crusaders for the average citizen's tippling liberties. The liquor which they procured for us was, by the Asbury analysis, in keeping with their moral imperfections. If 10 per cent of it was of pre-Prohibition vintage or genuine imported stuff we were lucky. If it was made from garbage in a tenement or from denatured "alky" with the poisons loosely cut out, and still did not kill us or give us bleeding innards, we were perhaps luckier still.

Finally the Asbury view insinuates that Prohibition was licked more because a coterie of big business men and their attorneys (from Pierre Du Pont to Elihu Root) turned against it than because Joe and Pearl Doakes and their collegiate offspring in some Wesleyan university found it monstrous. So "The Great Illusion," despite its immense informational merits, somewhat resembles a history depicting the Civil War as a by-product of economic determinism rather than something that happened because the band played "Dixie."

To this reviewer in fact Mr. Asbury seems a little more impressive on the sociology of the origins of Prohibition than on the sociology of its program of the drys. Quite obviously, he indicates, the drys did not recognize the scope of their problem. Bemused by mere political victory, they failed to demand enough enforcement appropriations or agents. They failed to make sure, by placing the enforcement officers on rigid civil service until 1930, that they would be even reasonably honest. They simply assumed that, since the Federal Government had been an effective law enforcement agency before 1920 against such crimes as counterfeiting, it would function against a huge national minority and/or majority and a beverage appetite which grew prodigiously hour by hour in proportion to the official denial of what it wanted.

But nowhere in the Asbury account is it conveyed with how much spineless hypocrisy the Coolidge and Hoover administrations accepted the state of affairs imposed upon them by the dry politicians. Nowhere is the role made clear which was played in repeal by sheer vital statistics—the number of dry bosses in big and little business dating from the evangelical age of American Puritanism who had to be "yessed" by their subordinates on the liquor issue between 1916 and 1920, but who by the early 1930's had retired to their mausoleums or wheelchairs.

Only rarely, too, is it made clear how much fun "revolution by speakeasy" was for the young and approachingly middle-aged generations of downfall. His descriptions of our early American consumption of "the good Creature of God"—as liquor was called in Colonial days—are memorably lively. So are his accounts of how the Reverend Dioclesian Lewis (a temperance reformer but a foe of sumptuary legal prohibition nevertheless) organized American women east and west of the Pecos in the 1870's to overcome the saloon by entering its precincts en masse and offering prayers. He makes it clear, in fact, that the American saloon from 1880 to 1917 or thereabouts was not the romantically eulogized "workingman's club" of the Menckenian *American Mercury*'s poetic fancy, but "a place of battered furniture, offensive smells, flyblown windows and glassware, and appalling sanitary facilities. It encouraged drunkenness. It corrupted the police, the courts, and the politicians. It was the breeding place of crime and violence . . . the hangout of criminals and degenerates . . . the backbone of prostitution." Except for the higher types patronized by the upper middle-classes and their betters. the saloon of the second decade of the present century manifestly

—From the book jacket.

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had corrective discipline coming to it.

But when he comes to the resistance to Prohibition Mr. Asbury bogs down somewhat in the details of the inefficient enforcement during those years. But here and there an atonement is offered as in this passage on Prohibition and the drinking habits of women: "Some of America's greatest minds have struggled with the question of why the women of this country began drinking as soon as liquor became illegal. . . . Perhaps part of the answer can be found in the fact that women are naturally outlaws. They'll do anything for love, and once in a while something for friendship; otherwise nobody can tell them what to do and get away with it."

A few more flashes of insight like this and a little less research would have made "The Great Illusion" as competent a chapter in the history of human folly as Mr. Asbury's famous fiction—"Hatrack."

Duncan Aikman, a Washington newspaperman, was a frequent contributor to Mencken's American Mercury. *His books include "The Turning Stream" and "America's Chance for World Peace."*

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 393

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 393 will be found in the next issue.

N ARCH PALP ECLIT

LORDS OTD MANIA

KDFXDRKTH XWFDTPPTK

MNPA OTTPNDS

TQTXWRMK HR LORDS

MROTD.

.... G. BTLPK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 392

Hatred and contempt are mutually exclusive.

—Arthur Schopenhauer.

Through A Glass Darkly

YOU CAN STOP DRINKING. By Harold M. Sherman. New York: Creative Age Press. 245 *pp.* $2.49.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BOTTLE. By Dwight Anderson, with Page Cooper. New York: A. A. Wyn. 258 *pp.* $3.

By Joseph Hirsh, M.D.

THIRTEEN years ago Alcoholics Anonymous (AA) was founded. This single event more than any other was responsible for converting the public and indeed the medical profession's view of the alcoholic from one involving morals to one involving illness. In each succeeding year since AA was formed a number of books emphasizing this new orientation have made their appearance. Despite the commonness of their orientation and many parallel points of view Messrs. Sherman and Anderson have written two vastly dissimilar books.

Harold M. Sherman's book, if we are to take his dedication at face value, is directed "to all who have fought the good fight [against alcoholism] and have won, and to all who are fighting it now and will win." If experience with the alcoholic has taught us anything it has taught us the wastefulness, the ineffectiveness of talking, lecturing, scolding, cajoling, and wheedling. Of all the people in the world the alcoholic is probably the one who has been most talked to—hence in all likelihood only talked at. In desperation he has promised practically everything, including that he would read books and pamphlets which might help him. If he should come upon Sherman's book under conditions growing out of the conviction that he is sick, that he wants and needs help (factors central to successful rehabilitation)—he is due for a setback.

Aside from the fact that its entire structure is erected on the quicksand of self-analysis ("how to analyze yourself," "how to solve your sex problems," etc.) "You Can Stop Drinking" is without a doubt one of the most complete compendia of psychiatric gobbledygook and facile psychologic interpretation I have seen. The end-product is all the more regrettable because the real fiber of the book is to be found in the AA tenets and program, which have weathered the test of time and tempest. These are lost in the doubletalk.

Dwight Anderson, a seasoned writer who by admission has seasoned to the state of the "dry drunkard," has written a thoroughly readable autobiography, a history of the alcoholic and the fight against alcoholism all rolled up into one. As with Mr. Sherman's book if we are to take seriously one segment of Anderson's anticipated readership—"that large majority of alcoholics who still are, or have the possibility of again becoming, acceptable members of society"—"The Other Side of the Bottle" is much too much. There are too many words, too many ideas, too many concepts, although they are good and important ones to be sure. But the alcoholic is after all a sick person and his recovery can only proceed by slow, easy stages. He cannot do it by leap-frogging, by going at it all at once, or reading as all-embracing a statement as Mr. Anderson's. To the other part of Anderson's readership, those friends and families of alcoholics (which cover most of the adult U. S. population) and people generally, this book has much to give.

The story of Mr. Anderson's life—his boyhood in the shadow of a dominant, successful father; his manhood, a reflection of the father image; his successes and failures ending with the bottle, and the road back—has insights to offer many, alcoholic and non-alcoholic alike, who lead frenetic lives in the pursuit of prestige and status. The story of Anderson's emotional re-education and maturation alone makes this book worth while.

Aside from the few autobiographical chapters, threads of which continue throughout the book, there is much biographical material touching the great, the notorious, the anonymous, to enliven Anderson's sound and lucid description of alcoholic types. The "woman alcoholic," for reasons which have always been obscure to this reviewer, has come in for special consideration and discussion. Aside from the obvious fact that she is a woman there is nothing really unique about the female alcoholic. Her unique sociology is not because she is a woman alcoholic but because she is a woman. As such and in our time she has come in for her share of problems.

Drawing upon many of the recently published scientific studies and some of the "popular" reports interpreting them, Anderson separates the facts from the fictions concerning alcohol. There is nothing new here, but so long as inaccuracies and frank untruths persist it is well to have Mr. Anderson's restatements.

Considerable space—and this is quite understandable as the area of greatest readership interest—is devoted to various forms of treatment. Drug therapy, hypnosis, psychother-

(*Continued on page* 27)

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From Teddy to FDR

YEAR: MID-CENTURY EDITION, 1900-1950. *Edited by Baldwin H. Ward and a staff of thirty-seven. Los Angeles: Year, Inc.* 256 *pp.* $6.95.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

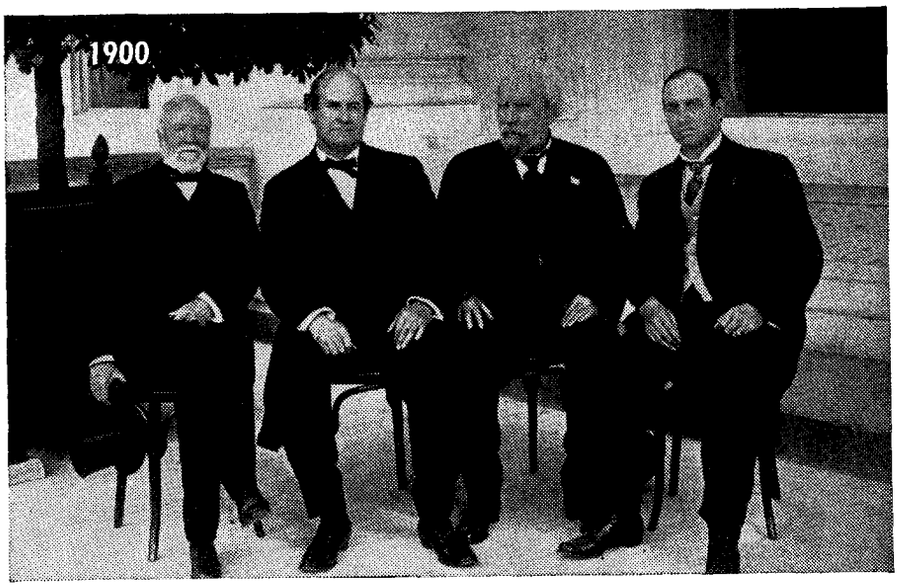
HERE is the world and, in particular, America from Roosevelt to Roosevelt, with a little overlapping at each end. "Year" initiated its career in 1948 with an annual volume; there was a 1949 number, too, and then the temptation to compile a half-century edition presented itself and the editors gave in. It turned out to be a good idea and it has been vividly carried out. There are 2,000 pictures—which comes to almost one a week for the period covered. There are also 100,000 words which complement the pictures with succinct factuality.

There were good photographers in the pre-cheesecake era, and the man under the black hood (or a little later with his nose in the slot of a Graflex) knew what he was doing. And he got character into his portraiture—a quality often lacking in many of the caricaturish action shots of today.

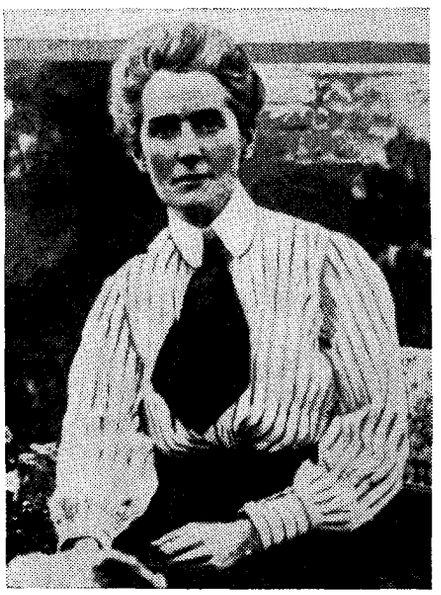
The fifty-year "Year" is edited with the same fine sense of proportion and discrimination that have characterized its two precedessors. The focal points of crisis—local, national, international—are here, along with science, the arts, literature, the stage, the screen (silent and post-silent), sports, crime, dress, advertising, and the economic and social spectrum from ultra-rich to infra-poor.

One's eye roves and stops at a thousand arresting spots. Ida Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens wore bow ties —on him they looked good. John Philip Sousa endorsed the Victor Talking Machine with a ringing "It is all right." Hermann Goering was a lot thinner in 1918 than in 1940. The first issue of the New York *Daily News* (1919) had the Prince of Wales on horseback on page one. Eugene V. Debs, still in jail for obstructing the war, polled 900,000 votes in the 1920 Presidential election.

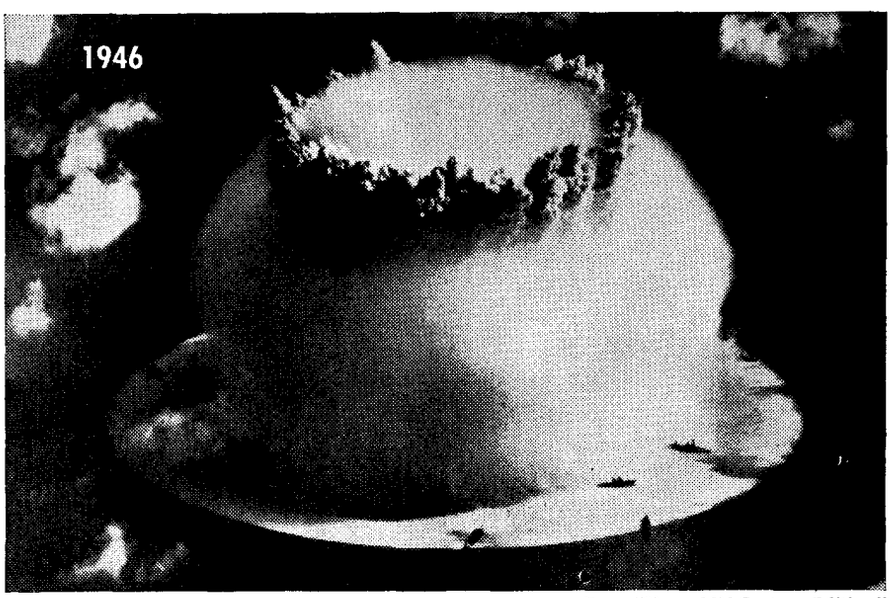
Yale's president emeritus Charles Seymour contributes a brief foreword on the half century. "Never before in so short a space of time have conditions of life, as affecting the individual, the nation, and the international community, changed so rapidly." This being so, it is a good thing that the camera came along when it did, and that the editors of "Year" got wind of it.



Andrew Carnegie, William J. Bryan, J. J. Hill, John Mitchell—"the pre-cheesecake era."



Lawrence of Arabia and British nurse Edith Cavell—"focal points of crisis."



From "Year: Mid-Century Edition."

Bikini marshmallow—"the most eventful half century in recorded history."

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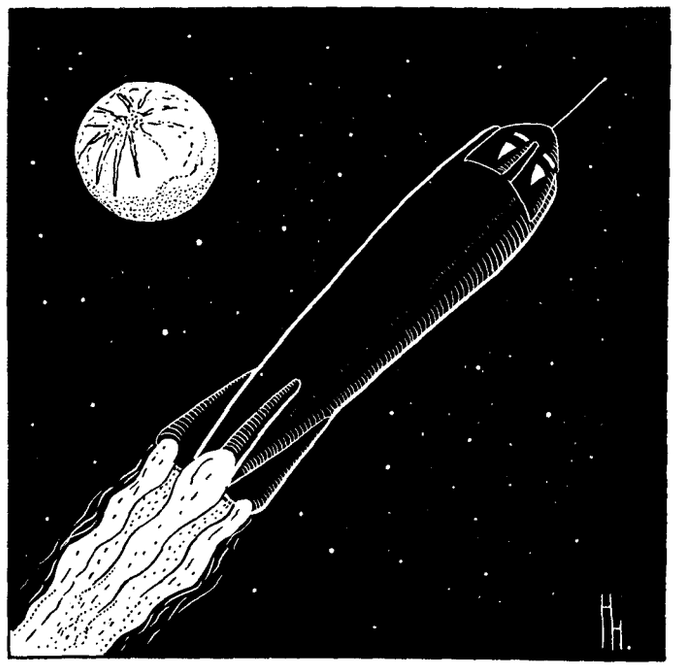
Science Fiction & Fantasy – 1950



FLETCHER PRATT

THE MOST singular feature of the crop of science fiction and fantasy harvested during the second half of 1950 is its lack of borderline cases. It would be hard to find another group of twenty books every single one of which could be set down as pronouncedly good or bad by the standards normally applied to fiction, and practically every one of which is directed to some specialized part of the audience which devotes itself to this already specialized field—or enters it to obtain something one does not ordinarily find in fiction.

Perhaps the leading exception to the specialization statement is Frank Norris's "Nutro 29." One understands that he thought he was writing a satire—on science, colleges, the methods of big business, technological unemployment, and the human race in general—and that he was no little shocked to find himself being praised as the author of one of the best science-fiction novels of the year. The satire is there all right, and pretty sharp too, but the most interesting critical point about this thoroughly interesting book is that Mr. Norris should have played the game so well without knowing the rules.

Judith Merril, on the other hand, knows all the rules and has produced a book which is in every respect the antithesis of "Nutro 29." Where the latter deals with nationwide and worldwide effects of an invention and has a scene crowded with characters, "Shadow on the Hearth" is talking about the effect of an atomic blast on a single home and is limited very strictly to what happens to one mother and her children. Specialist readers have been heard complaining that it is not science fiction in the sense that it makes no scientific extrapolation from known facts as "Nutro 29" does. That is perfectly true; but Miss Merril has handled the emotional extrapolation from a given situation (which is the leading business of fiction) so skilfully that the general reader is hardly likely to complain of the absence of death rays and space ships.

All these appurtenances and a couple of new ones are present in the three examples of "space opera" on the current list—Van Vogt's "Voyage of the Space Beagle," Simak's "Cosmic Engineers," and Bond's "Lancelot Biggs: Spaceman." All are alike in being serials from the science-fiction pulps and therefore in being episodic chronicles of extra-terrestrial dangers met and overcome. Mr. van Vogt's variations from the usual pattern are much the most ingenious (and incidentally the best presented), including a giant beast that feeds on id, a group of bird-people who nearly destroy the Space Beagle by friendly hypnosis, and a creature which can penetrate solid metal walls by atomic adjustment and lays its eggs inside human beings as hunter wasps do in caterpillars.

"Cosmic Engineers" concerns danger to the entire universe from collision with another universe which is being directed toward the shock by a race appropriately named the Hellhounds. "Lancelot Biggs" is a low-level space opera at the edge of fantasy, which quietly assumes that all the planets and some of the moons in the solar system are habitable in human terms and sends a blundering genius out among them in a series of semi-jocular adventures. Eighteen-year-olds should find it good reading.

THE SAME is true of Beyer's "Minions of the Moon," one of the two time-travel stories in this batch, which rambles around the world 6,000 years from now and produces such items as a disembodied intelligence which can assume any physical form it pleases, a tribe of neo-Vikings, and a crystalline brain in a box that controls people by hypnosis. Like the Bond book it has a certain Superman tinge. "Genus Homo" by De Camp and Miller is a considerably better story about a busload of quite ordinary folks cast away a million years in the future, when baboons, gorillas, and orangs have developed separate humanoid civilizations. It is good adventure and rather good fun, with patches of scientific extrapolation just when least expected.

De Camp is also half author of another which the present reviewer perhaps ought not to mention as he himself is the other half, but one can at least say that "Castle of Iron" is a sequel to the "Incomplete Enchanter" and continues the adventures of Har-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 874)

S. M. CROTHERS:

THE BAYONET-POKER

(*From "By the Christmas Fire"*)

All that is needed to change a bayonet into a poker is to cause the bayonet to forsake the murderous rifle barrel and cleave to a short wooden handle. Henceforth its function is . . . to encourage combustion on winter nights.

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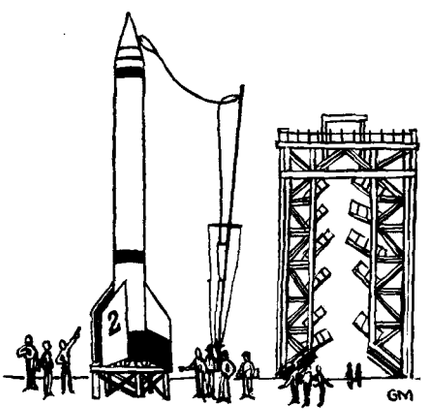
old Shea among coexistent space-time continua. But that puts us among the straight fantasies, and a singular group that is this fall both in quantity (more of them in proportion than in any season your reviewer remembers) and in quality (from books no one needs to be ashamed of writing to books anyone ought to be ashamed to be seen reading).

Theodore Sturgeon's "Dreaming Jewels" unfortunately belongs in the second classification; unfortunately, both because he can do better than this and because the book starts so promisingly with a well-realized set of characters that it is a shame to have it jell into the most hackneyed of all science-fiction plots—the mad scientist bent on the destruction of humanity. On a higher level Charles Williams's "Shadows of Ecstasy" is almost as much of a disappointment. A Charles Williams story always requires a considerable act of faith from the reader, and the reader is usually willing to grant it to a writer whose exposition and analysis proceed to the accompaniment of so great an emotional intensity. But from this story of material versus immaterial civilization the emotion has been chiefly omitted, the events are so sweeping that most of them must take place offstage, and the result is less a story than a debate in an English country house.

Mundy's "Old Ugly-Face" is typical late Mundy about mysterious goings-on in the Himalayas and the wonderful things a *guru* can do for you—heavily overwritten and with the old Mundy storytelling sense almost lost in the shuffle. In Howard's "Conan the Conqueror," on the other hand, storytelling is the whole show. One is tempted to wish that this tale of a gigantic and indestructible hero in an imaginary land of magics, monsters, and fighting men had been a comic strip instead.

It has been rather amusing to old fantasy hands to observe the bewilderment of some of the straight reviewers when confronted with Ross's "The Man Who Lived Backward," a tale about a character who woke up each morning to find himself living on the previous calendar day. There has been some question about the book's meaning; I don't know that it has a message or has to have one, except that life on this planet is a damned peculiar but extremely interesting business. It is also worth noting that this is one of those books in which the sideshows are more important than what goes on under the main tent, with some really fascinating comment on such events as the Homestead riots and the Franco-Prussian War, which Mr. Ross's peculiar framework enables him to deal with in a manner never before attempted.



Bair's "Faster! Faster!" is so loaded with meaning that it is an allegory rather than a fantasy—a rather desperate story whose conclusion seems to be that all roads in the modern world lead to one totalitarianism or another. But allegory has seldom been clothed in so tight-fitting a garment of human passion that accurately observed human performance.

BECAUSE the method of science fiction normally consists in working out the implication of a single concept the anthology of short stories is probably its most typical form, and there are four of these in the current collection. Wollheim's "Flight Into Space" has a story located on each of the planets in the solar system and can be dismissed with the remark that most of the stories seem to have been chosen for their locale rather than for their quality as fiction. The indefatigable Groff Conklin contributes two anthologies: a little one, "The Science Fiction Galaxy," and the "Big Book of Science Fiction." In the former case such names as Kipling and E. M. Forster remind us that science fiction is not a completely new thing. The "Big Book" is an omnibus of thirty-two stories, and an excellent volume with which to begin your acquaintance with science fiction; it contains almost every type of tale known to the field, from Sturgeon's jolly "Mewhu's Jet" to Simak's memorable "Desertion." Mr. Conklin has set no date limit on his selections, but most of them go back some time and his anthology makes an interesting comparison with Bleiler and Dikty's "The Best Science Fiction Stories: 1950," an annual which comes remarkably close to justifying its title. Even so, the improvement in the over-all level is astonishing; there is not a bad story in the book, and there are several really brilliant ones, such as Murray Leinster's "Lifework of Professor Muntz."

The list contains two re-issues—Gernsback's "Ralph 124C 41+" and Mary Griffith's "Three Hundred Years Hence." The Gernsback book originally appeared in 1911 and may be called the first science-fiction story ever written, in the sense that the story is manipulated to bring out the accompanying scientific ideas instead of the other way around. "Three Hundred Years Hence" is an early American utopia; at the time of its original and anonymous publication in 1836 it was widely attributed to Edgar Poe—a sufficiently curious production. I wonder if our ideas on utopias will look as odd a century from now.

A prolific writer of science fiction, Fletcher Pratt is also the author of many books on naval and military history.

S.-F. Roundup

NUTRO 29. By Frank Norris. New York: Rinehart & Co. 307 pp. $2.75.

SHADOW ON THE HEARTH. By Judith Merril. New York: Doubleday & Co. 277 pp. $3.

THE VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE. By A. E. van Vogt. New York: Simon & Schuster. 240 pp. $2.50.

COSMIC ENGINEERS. By Clifford D. Simak. New York: Gnome Press. 224 pp. $2.50.

LANCELOT BIGGS: SPACEMAN. By Nelson Bond. New York: Doubleday & Co. 224 pp. $2.50.

MINIONS OF THE MOON. By William Gray Beyer. New York: Gnome Press. 190 pp. $2.50.

GENUS HOMO. By L. Sprague de Camp and P. Schuyler Miller. Reading, Pa.: Fantasy Press. 225 pp. $3.

THE CASTLE OF IRON. By L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt. New York: Gnome Press. 224 pp. $2.50.

THE DREAMING JEWELS. By Theodore Sturgeon. New York: Greenberg Publisher. 217 pp. $2.50.

SHADOWS OF ECSTASY. By Charles Williams. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 260 pp. $3.

OLD UGLY-FACE. By Talbot Mundy. Philadelphia: Wells & Shakespeare. 544 pp. $3.

CONAN THE CONQUEROR. By Robert E. Howard. New York: Gnome Press. 255 pp. $2.75.

THE MAN WHO LIVED BACKWARD. By Malcolm Ross. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 461 pp. $3.50.

FASTER! FASTER! By Patrick Bair. New York: Viking Press. 251 pp. $3.

FLIGHT INTO SPACE. Compiled by Donald A. Wollheim. New York: Frederick Fell. 251 pp. $2.75.

THE SCIENCE FICTION GALAXY. Edited by Groff Conklin. New York: Permabooks. 242 pp. 35¢.

BIG BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION. Edited by Groff Conklin. New York: Crown Publishers. 545 pp. $3.

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES: 1950. Edited by Everett F. Bleiler and T. E. Dikty. New York: Frederick Fell. 347 pp. $2.95.

RALPH 124C 41+. By Hugo Gernsback. New York: Frederick Fell. 207 pp. $2.50.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE. By Mary Griffith. Philadelphia: Prime Press. 131 pp.

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Report on the Critics' War

THE latest issue of *The American Scholar* contains the transcript of a debate by a group of six literary critics, Allen Tate, William Barrett, Kenneth Burke, Malcolm Cowley, Hiram Haydn, and Robert Gorham Davis, based on an attack by Mr. Davis on what is known as the New Criticism which appeared in the same magazine a year ago. The debate was like an armistice for discussing on neutral ground (Mr. Haydn's apartment) the boundaries of the war, rather than an attempt to make peace.

Long before the big guns started firing the New Criticism had managed to establish itself in several "little" magazines, for example *The Kenyon Review*, *The Sewanee Review*, and *Poetry Magazine*, and many of its leaders had found prominent posts in the English departments of our colleges and universities. Its opponents were scattered and their attacks waxed and waned, raising clouds of dust and smoke produced mainly by the anger of the defense, whose leaders obviously felt that since they had pre-empted the word "new" the voices raised against them were inspired by the malice of an old criticism. The fact that a series of sound critical essays in *Partisan Review* was met with favor and that Robert Hillyer's articles in *The Saturday Review* two years ago against the Library of Congress's award to Ezra Pound were approved by a majority of *SRL* readers served only to intensify the conflict. Mr. Davis's article in *The American Scholar*, "The New Criticism and the Democratic Tradition," produced more comments from its readers than any that had appeared for many years.

These magazines and others have proved that this was not merely a tempest in a teapot, and that the part of the American public interested in literary matters was profoundly disturbed by the arrogant assumptions of the New Criticism. These assumptions were principally an almost papal infallibility, a hierarchy of critics imbued with authoritarian powers, and a changeable party line that had nothing fortunately to do with the Kremlin, but which was partly political or esoteric.

The actual terms typical of this criticism were listed by Mr. Davis as "authority," "hierarchy," "Catholicism," "tradition," "dogmas," "truths." During the debate Mr. Cowley, after complimenting the New Criticism for the necessary development of pedagogy of which he said he had had a bellyful in the University of Montpelier in 1921, remarked that the New Criticism had been applied on the whole to an accepted canon which included only a few writers, leaving to the plain journalistic critics the task of finding good authors worth criticizing. "This means that they have surrendered or abnegated a very large part of their duty as critics by applying this terrifically refined critical apparatus to only one group of writers, chosen in advance."

Allen Tate, an excellent poet, who might be said to command the Southern wing of the New Critic's Party, was on the defensive. In replying to Mr. Davis's statement that there was a basic incompatibility in their public vocabulary and their private attitudes, that they were orthodox, dogmatic traditionalists yet they lived in the American egalitarian liberal tradition, Mr. Tate said that though he was a Jeffersonian he thought that liberalism as a philosophy was "pretty well washed up." Mr. Davis finally went to the heart of the matter when he said the magazines most devoted to the New Criticism show little respect for the diversities and possibilities of American life as themes for the imaginative writer, "because there seems to be, by implication, so complete a rejection of the possibilities of our society as it has now developed."

At one point after hearing Mr. Tate say that Emerson talked to himself most of the time Kenneth Burke apparently wished to protest.

"Mr. Davis: Mr. Burke?

"Mr. Burke: I was coughing—really because my throat hurts, and so I will clear my throat."

A GOOD deal of what was said that evening may appear to the average reader as irrelevant as Mr. Burke's cough. Nevertheless, the debate cleared the air and showed that the imaginative writer may now without fear of the consequences find, if he chooses, something in life that is not defamatory and brutal. A case in point is the recent review in this magazine by Tennessee Williams of "The Delicate Prey and Other Stories," by Paul Bowles, a reasonably young writer whose "The Sheltering Sky" caused a sensation last year. The stories are admirably and lucidly written with an almost Gothic preoccupation with violence and horror. The conclusions that Mr. Williams draws from them are whether he is aware of it or not directly in line with the New Criticism—the destruction of the individual as a free man in our society.

"What choice has the artist, now," he writes, "but withdrawal into the caverns of his own isolated being? . . . Paul Bowles has experienced an unmistakable revulsion from the act of social participation. One may surmise in him the social experience of two decades." He compares him to the existentialists, "whose works it is now difficult to find in bookstores, and describes the school of criticism which advocates a literature insensitive to shock, "as the sort that would sing 'Hail, Hail, the gang's all here' while being extricated, still vocally alive, from the debris of a Long Island Railroad disaster."

This is sheer nonsense. The individual being and the writer in our society over the last two decades have not withdrawn into the caverns of their own minds nor have they been reduced to the final blessed state which Mr. Bowles names where they can only talk to themselves. If we are precariously living, as he says, in a blindly explosive world the artist is not seeking a cave in which to hide. It is not in the nature of most men to hide from danger, or to try to escape from the fate of their own generation. This is another of those pronouncements from on high in which life is interpreted as too horrible to endure and in which our society is revealed as cruel and vicious. The New Criticism may now try to reduce all of us to the status of maniacs gibbering to ourselves in the dark. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Expansion of Resources

SIR: Fairfield Osborn's review of A. G. Mezerik's book "The Pursuit of Plenty" [*SRL* Nov. 11] is much more an attempt to dismiss Mezerik's thesis than it is an evaluation of the contents of that book. In his own book "The Plundered Planet" Mr. Osborn had presented his neo-Malthusian approach to the question of conservation. Osborn gave us the familiar old "conservation of natural resources" combination of "ain't nature wonderful" and "we view man with alarm."

Although one could never guess it from Osborn's review Mezerik's emphasis is upon man as a creative force. His thesis is that private interests are geared presently only to meeting current needs on a scarcity basis rather than aggressively seeking to provide for future needs on a scale undreamed of heretofore, but now technically possible.

Osborn uses his review to wash out river valley development such as TVA and to extol the merits of private free enterprise—even when it is shown that these are in some cases largely responsible for gutting our resources.

Farmers know first hand that resources have been abused and used up. They also know who used them up. Along with that they know that, given the opportunity and the means, they—with the help of Government—could do the things that Mezerik outlines in his story. Farmers are not impressed with Mr. Osborn's reminder "of the beneficent and humanitarian results that in later years have been flowing from the wealth. . . ." They will not leave the vital and overriding job of conservation and expansion of our resources to the whims of profit-seeking private exploiters. Farmers and an increasing number of workers are no longer willing to leave the decision as to our resource future to a few elite. They stand with Mezerik in wanting themselves to make the decisions which will so affect their own future.

JAMES G. PATTON,
President, National Farmers Union.

Denver, Colo.

Contra GBS

SIR: Tut! tut! Mr. John Mason Brown. And you can take this admonition as a cookie if you choose. It is for you to decide if you are a pigmy. But why should I, who happen to be Carlyle's successor as sage in Chelsea and to know as much more about politics than Shaw as Shaw, on his own statement, knew more than Jesus Christ—why should I, because I happen in an idle moment to have read your "GBS: Headmaster to the Universe" [*SRL* Nov. 18], be called a pigmy? Is it fair, is it just retribution for such a petty error of judgment? *Quamdiu tolerabimur insolentiom Shavianam?* Has Mr. Brown learned no more from Shaw than that we are all Smiths and Robinsons peeping beneath the legs of that colossal advertising fellow to find ourselves dishonorable graves? I have no doubt that Shaw, like Robespierre,

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I think Rome's economy is cracking up—all the empty lots are filled with chariots. Everywhere you go you see used chariot sales."

was a kindly man. He was good enough to tell some young Bloomsbury hopefuls (I can't recall whether it was the editors of *Horizon* or not) that he saw no reason for their magazine "while you have *The Realist*," which I initiated along with Julian Huxley in the name of humanism—with the aid, as co-editors, of Bennett and Wells. I have no complaint. But, although he was a great pamphleteer like Blatchford, he was a very naughty old man and a great practical friend of Tyranny wherever he met it. His fruits too often had an ashen taste even if spiced with red pepper.

When he went to Russia I am told that friends sent him gift parcels for his better nutriment. He flung the food out the window because he saw nothing but a land of Cockayne. About that time two and a half million citizens of the Soviet Union died of famine in the Ukraine. "Good progressive fellow," says Mr. Brown, "don't bring up against the *divina perta* [what young girl recites o'night a line he ever wrote?] these petty political peccadillos." I recall Harold Laski, in one of his more fervent moods, saying that it "caused him great pain" to have to talk to Shaw on politics. For why? Because Generalissimo Stalin was not his only blue-eyed boy friend. With my own eyes and ears I have seen Shaw in 1936 standing at a Fabian social meeting explaining that the National Socialists and Socialists, the Mosleyites and the Fabians had better get together. Their real concern was with efficiency and not just talking about the New Jerusalem but providing it with a proper sewerage system — unlike the bungling democrats. A New Soviet-Fascist Civilization, 1984 and All That. There were boys there with heads bandaged from fights with the Mosleyites, and the pampered old villain did have the grace to say that "perhaps he had talked long enough." "Ha!" says Mr. Brown and Senator McCarthy, "here is the real Shavian wisdom for, look you, the 'Nazis' and the 'Commies' really are very much alike, but myopic pigmy folk don't see it." Let Generalissimo—so soon as he can be got there—and Führer argue that one in Valhalla. What I am saying is that GBS was not against but in favor of both. He was one of those super-efficient people who likens man to an object, a dossier of office papers "to be dealt with"; he was as anti-humanist as a pair of shears. As for democracy he was against it. He rolled in the luxury of profitable contradictions. He was Caesar and Methuselah and Superman and the wisest fool in Christendom, Shaw and Tom Noddy, Smart Aleck and all. "Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly, because it came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty." No, no, not tonight, Mr. Brown. . . . Speaking myself as Professor Higgins I know whereof I speak.

GEORGE CATLIN.

London, Eng.

Uselessness of Vituperation

SIR: Since Mr. Wylie has represented me as saying that freedom of knowledge is not only silly but a form of vulgar intolerance [LETTERS, *SRL* Dec. 9], I would like to be permitted to deny it.

My quarrel was obviously with Mr. Wylie and not with freedom of knowledge. My plain meaning was that Mr. Wylie's indiscriminate attack on educators in the name of freedom of knowledge was a grotesque performance, and that class denunciation is so incompatible with freedom of knowledge that their attempted integration by Mr. Wylie is silly.

Mr. Wylie's hunch that I am an authoritarian, a doctrinaire, or a totalitarian is not shared by the ghost of John Stuart Mill. The only sensible conclusion to this unsavory dispute is a mutual recognition of the uselessness

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of vituperation. I prefer to think that Mr. Wylie's gross misrepresentation of me and my letter may be attributed to his misreading of a style that is as vituperative as his own—and that he is really as devoted to freedom of knowledge as I am.

GEORGE MIALE.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Always a sucker for a looping phrase, I should like to agree with Philip Wylie's sundry attacks on educators. On the other hand I cannot condemn a whole category of human beings when my experience has shown them to be quite the reverse of what Mr. Wylie thinks they are. Mr. Wylie says in effect that teachers have deserted the "Freedom of Knowledge" idea.

When I was a student I had a batch of silly preconceptions and foul prejudices. When I emerged from the classic halls of my alma mater I was still pretty ignorant; but I had been washed clean of the stuff that once made a garbage dump of my tiny mind. And the purging process had been entirely the work of college professors, with a little cooperation from the student. Now, I spend about forty hours a week making like a business man. Five hours a week I teach in the evening division of a local college. I do not claim that the hot blood of knowledge surges through the veins of my students every time I open my big mouth, but I do know that together we do some digging for truth. Like Mr. Wylie, I am not tolerant of ignorance. Nor am I tolerant of intolerance. A student of mine who utters a collective prejudice is risking a large blot on his academic escutcheon.

And I am not an exception to be used as proof of Mr. Wylie's rule.

EDWARD H. DARE.

New York, N. Y.

Remarks Withdrawn

SIR: In a sentence in "Nook Farm: Mark Twain's Hartford Circle," reviewed by John Winterich [*SRL* Oct. 14], I criticized sharply Edward Wagenknecht's treatment of Joseph Twichell in his "Mark Twain: The Man and His Work." My reference, it now appears, was unjust, for in a letter to *SRL* (printed April 2, 1938) Mr. Wagenknecht withdrew his remarks about Twichell and expressed regret that he had written them.

KENNETH R. ANDREWS.

Boston, Mass.

Some Inside Dope

SIR: We at Putnam's are grateful to you for publishing in the November 11 instalment of Mr. Cerf's well-known column, TRADE WINDS, information which we have been seeking for many months. I know how meticulous Mr. Cerf is and also his reputation for accuracy in reporting the news in the publishing field so I can't help but feel that he has beaten us to it and found some inside dope about the reasons for the delay in issuing the Duke of Windsor's "A King's Story."

Publication has been delayed, it is quite true, but we have not yet been able to get sufficient information to give a sound reason to the trade for its delay. However, Mr. Cerf's column is widely read and will save us

writing many letters so that I want to express again my gratitude for the information you have given not only us as the publishers but to the trade in general. It is always interesting to learn how such information is made available to others rather than to those most interested.

MELVILLE MINTON,
President, G. P. Putnam's Sons.
New York, N. Y.

Academic Freedom Library

SIR: The Academic Freedom Committee of the Teachers Guild is attempting to build a library at its headquarters which will contain books and other reading material dealing with the problems of academic and intellectual freedom. A concentration of such materials in one place would be of the greatest value to teachers and students who are seeking information and ideas along these lines. We know that your readers are friends—nay more, champions—of the ideals of freedom of thought and of expression. We feel confident, therefore, that many of your readers would like to contribute to our Academic Freedom Library.

MARTIN WOLFSON.
Academic Freedom Committee Library,
Teachers Guild, Local No. 2, A.F.T.,
2 East 23rd St.
New York 10, N. Y.

Those Great Books

SIR: It was an excellent idea to open your pages to a debate on the Great Books program [*SRL* Dec. 9], but I wish Messrs. Redman and Wittcoff had stuck more closely to the basic issue. Instead, Mr. Redman concentrated his fire on the use of the discussion method for adult education, which made it fairly easy for Mr. Wittcoff to refute his arguments. Actually, the discussion method has nothing to do with the Great Books program. It has long been used successfully by adult educators and has managed to survive triumphantly.

The main argument against the Great Books program lies, it seems to me, in the very conception of a book list, the reading of which will make a man educated. Mr. Wittcoff says that "the free community" depends on first principles held in common by its members. Presumably these first principles are the ideas expressed in the hundred books. In other words the Great Books program offers education to the person who agrees with the Hutchins-Adler philosophy and frowns on those who consider the teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas as unessential for modern life or believe, with John Dewey, that Kant's metaphysics is a rationalization of German absolutism. It is a fine movement in adult education, unfortunately saddled with a medieval, authoritarian basic theory.

However, since Lucretius is obviously more educational than Milton Berle and discussion is a valuable intellectual experience, whatever its springboard, the Great Books program probably does more good than harm.

RUDOLF FLESCH.

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

SIR: In the "Debate on the Great Books Program" the two debaters answer "yes" and "no" respectively to the questions formulated by one of them: "Is this program the best possible, or even a reasonable, reading program for the average adult, whose reading time is presumably limited and whose earlier education has been . . . sadly deficient?"

Neither of the two debaters questions the validity of the question itself. As recently as a hundred years ago no one in his right senses would have doubted the value of great books for every man. Today the value of great books, or any value, is at least debatable and at best maintained by factions. Values have been replaced by opportunities: individuals entrench themselves behind pragmatic excuses, and groups slip from one emergency to another. Between the Scylla of a rapidly increasing standardization in all spheres of existence and the Charybdis of the incalculability of life our age takes shape in ever greater bewilderment.

Such scenery scarcely supports the question of the value of great books. As long as we have not recognized that today the value of human existence as such is at stake and have not redetermined this value we cannot discuss questions of particular values. We will be able to take them up again only after we have answered the basic question. But the answer cannot be derived from a broken tradition. It must be born from the vision the present will have of the future. When we will have written our own great books the great books of the past will find their proper place again.

WOLF FRANCK.

New York, N. Y.

The Aging Process

SIR: Although I cannot in good conscience come to the defense of my friend and editor, John Ciardi, in the particular matter of his article on Edna St. Vincent Millay [*SRL* Nov. 11], I feel that I must defend the art editor of *SRL*. In taking him to task for his strip of photographs of the poet at various ages your correspondent Edmund S. Whitman has quite missed the point. It seems to me that it is a particularly North American piece of false sentiment to regard the aging process in human beings, especially in women, as a tragedy. In growing older an intelligent being gains at least as much as she, or he, loses. If the loss of mere mate-attracting qualities is not compensated for by substantial gains in other areas of the personality then Bernard Shaw was a calamity, Robert Frost is a persistent mistake, and Edith Sitwell ought to stop writing. To me the series of pictures of Miss Millay was the revelation of the development of a person.

DILYS BENNETT LAING.

Hanover, N. H.

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Seeing Things

CITY AT BAY

ALTHOUGH tomorrow has always been an uncertainty, our tomorrows just now are more uncertain than they have ever been. Since Hiroshima the threat of death has become an accepted companion in our daily living. Not natural or individual death, nor death as those in uniform are asked to face it in open contest in the air or on the land and sea. No, death of a kind more horrible and wholesale than the worst blitzed capitals of the Old World knew during the last war. In this atomic age cities and civilians are the best of targets, and all of us have grown accustomed to reading manuals for survival and plans for evacuation because of the possibility of attacks without warning and of mass annihilation.

The bomb does not need to tumble from the sky or to come from the enemy. It could be sneaked in on a ship or plane. Worse still, one man —a very average-looking fellow citizen, the sort of person you might be standing next to on a bus or train— could be carrying it around with him in the most ordinary suitcase. This is made terrifyingly clear in "Seven Days to Noon," * a brilliant new English film which might be described as fantastic were it not so perilously close to what could be factual.

The average-looking man in "Seven Days to Noon" who has it in his power to destroy a large part of London is England's foremost atomic scientist. He is a mild professorial type and a person with the deepest religious convictions. His top-secret job has been to direct the production of UR-12 super-bombs. Because of his exhausting labors and the guilt he feels for his share in creating so destructive a weapon his mind has cracked. In a letter sent to the Prime Minister he says that unless the Government issues within seven days a public statement of its decision to stop making the UR-12 he himself will use the bomb to destroy London.

The letter is at first thought to be the work of a crank. When Scotland Yard gets busy, however, it discovers not only that the professor actually wrote it but also that he has left his laboratory and his home and has disappeared into the labyrinth of London, carrying a superbomb with him in his bag. Thereupon the Government springs into action in its race against time. Troops are called in. Walls are plastered with posters. The Prime Minister takes to the radio to warn Londoners of their danger. Plans are made and carried out for the wholesale evacuation of the city. An elaborate house-to-house search is begun. The manhunt is on. And a desperate, almost unbearably exciting chase it proves to be until the professor is tracked down, after an agonizing week of suspense, just before the fateful hour at which the bomb was scheduled to be set off.

That such materials contain the stuffs out of which a fascinating mixture could be made of an H. G. Wells tale and a "pursuit" film on an heroic scale must be clear enough even when they are reduced to so dull a synopsis. But as is always the case, materials, regardless of how foolproof they may seem, are no guarantees of interest. What matters is the imagination with which they are employed and developed. Fortunately, the Boulting twins, John and Roy, possess imagination in abundance. They are exceptionally gifted young men who are as alert to the needs of a scenario as they are to the potentialities of a camera. This comes as no news to anyone who saw "Desert Victory," that superlatively fine war film for which Roy Boulting was responsible, or "The Guinea Pig" (*SRL* May 14, 1949), upon which the two brothers worked together.

In "Seven Days to Noon" the Boultings enjoy the advantage of producing a melodrama about a great city and having that city come to their aid as a collaborator. Seldom has a list of credits been as impressive as the one preceding this picture. It makes grateful acknowledgments to the War Office, the Metropolitan and City of London Police, the British Railways (Southern Region), the London Transport Executive, the Port of London Authority, the Automobile Association, the Royal Automobile Club — *and* the citizens of London.

WITH such assistance and the blessings of the uncommonly sunny summer England enjoyed in 1949 the freedom of the action in "Seven Days to Noon" is equaled only by the authenticity of the backgrounds. No. 10 Downing Street, the Houses of Parliament, the rubble over which the dome of St. Paul's rises, Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, the British Museum, Whitehall, the Westminster Bridge—all these and one recognizable street or landmark after another are pressed into service. Great thoroughfares are emptied or filled, blocks of houses are deserted, troops are deployed, buses commandeered, and trains rerouted according to the story's needs.

Helpful as such sequences are in

Barry Jones—"the threat of death . . . an accepted companion."

* *SEVEN DAYS TO NOON, a new British film. Screen play by Frank Harvey and Roy Boulting. Produced by Roy Boulting. Directed by John Boulting. With a cast including Barry Jones, Olive Sloane, Andre Morell, Sheila Manahan, Hugh Cross, Joan Hickson, Ronald Adam, etc. An Arthur Mayer-Edward Kingsley-Distinguished Films release.*

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contributing to the suspense and reality of "Seven Days to Noon" they are not more helpful than the wonderfully inventive details with which the Boultings humanize their narrative. They do not permit the city to swallow up their people. Like Alfred Hitchcock and Carol Reed, those other masters of screen melodrama, the Boultings are able to give a new dimension to a thriller by the respect they show for their characters as individuals.

IN his excellent introduction to the Modern Library edition of "A Journal of the Plague Year" Louis Kronenberger commented on Defoe's "marvelous factuality or knack for making what is fictitious seem genuine." Defoe's was a tour de force which also had Greater London as its scene. Its strength, as Mr. Kronenberger wisely observed, lay in its author's "genius for prosaic detail" and the "extraordinary specificness" with which he could tell a story so that "the triviality is the essence of the trick."

The need for a similar approach is as great in such a horror-fantasy as "Seven Days to Noon" as it was in such a model fake-document as the "Plague Year." To be believed in, what has not happened (and, God willing, never will) must be related as closely as possible to what happens daily. The ingenuity with which the Boultings manage to do this is not only the measure of but the reason for the success of their film. They too know the value of "extraordinary specificness." They too recognize the importance of the trivial. They too can create a sense of factuality. This is why in hair-raising terms they are able to persuade us to accept the fictitious as the genuine.

Their story moves swiftly and with an almost always frightening plausibility. The big, spectacular shots have the unchallengeable quality of a documentary. Fine as these are, the Boultings show their major skill and their picture gains its major interest in the simplicity of its acting, the naturalness of its individual episodes, and the inspired touches by which the narrative is anchored to reality. Although all the actors can claim the virtue of being so lifelike as to seem not to be acting at all, two in particular stand out. One of these is Barry Jones, who plays the crazed scientist; the other Olive Sloane, who appears as the jolly but faded musical-comedy queen in whose flat the scientist at one point takes refuge. While outwardly average enough, Mr. Jones suggests the inner frenzy and demoniacal determination of the hunted fanatic. Miss Sloane rises to her

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moments of terror as easily as she establishes the breezy, frowsy gaiety of the matron who still thinks of herself as an ingenué.

What I will not soon forget, however, are the humanizing details already mentioned. I have in mind the landlady whose lodging house is overrun with cats; the dogs and other pets which evacuees are compelled to leave behind them at the station; the little boy who, just when a train is leaving, is more interested in a call of nature than the conductor's announcement; the soldier who cannot resist stealing a pair of panties when searching a room; the religious crank who refuses for some time to obey orders and part with the sandwich-boards he is wearing; and above all the tiny scene in which a Londoner, on the verge of abandoning his home, stops for a moment to water the flowers in his window box.

BACK in 1928 the Theatre Guild produced a not forgotten melodrama by Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne called "Wings Over Europe." It too told the story of a scientist (in this instance a young one) who had conquered the atom, who offered his discovery to the British Cabinet, and who threatened to blow up the world if his invention were not used for the good of mankind.

"By the use of one small piece of mechanism constructed according to formulae of which only I am master," he explained, "one man, any one man, can defy all the policemen in London. . . . He touches a spring; the atoms about the piece of mechanism begin to redistribute themselves at an undreamt-of speed—at such a speed that not only he, but his house, his street, his borough, London itself, disappear if he so wishes."

That threat is much the same threat as the professor's in "Seven Days to Noon" but it was made in happier days when the atom bomb was as fanciful as a trip to Mars. Although audiences were gripped by "Wings Over Europe," they had no reason to take it seriously. Even one of its co-authors, Mr. Nichols, classified it as "an extravaganza, a ballet of ideas," adding that "it is no more realistic in intention than Mozart's 'Don Juan' . . . which is . . . opera bouffe."

No wonder the scientist in "Seven Days to Noon" is an older man. He lives in an older world. What was once a very "iffy if" has become an appalling possibility. The dream is now a fact and the fact a nightmare with which men everywhere are haunted by day no less than by night. —JOHN MASON BROWN.

SRL Goes to the Movies

A SUMMING UP

ONE of the more interesting manifestations arising during this season of the year is the sudden concern that a great many people have about the state of the motion picture. Ten-best-of-the-year lists sprout up in our journals; we wonder who is going to turn out to be the best actress and actor of the year according to the judgments of critics' circle and Academy Award conclaves; there is even some discussion about which movie represents Hollywood's current nadir, a state it seems able to reach with ease quite regularly. But generally this is the time for forgetting that the large proportion of Hollywood's three hundred or so annual productions are as banal, silly, and formularized as they ever have been and for remembering only those movies that gave us very worthwhile and occasionally exceptional entertainment. Now that *SRL* has admitted publicly that it, too, goes to the movies I suppose there's no harm in our getting into the act. *SRL*'s panel of critics has gone to the movies with a certain hope —that we would find *some* movies at least that would bear an adult and critical examination.

We found our hopefulness justified more often than not, taking into account the fact that we automatically weeded out the run-of-the mill and the obviously adolescent of the product. What we saw during the early part of the year helped make up our minds to devote space to the balance of the year's better pictures. The fall season was particularly rich in good ones, and another of our hopes is that Hollywood will continue to put a stamp of honesty and maturity on at least a respectable portion of its wares.

The choosing of a ten-best list is not to our purpose. Hollywood makes a number of kinds of movies; and it's a bit too difficult to compare a musical like "Annie Get Your Gun" with a thriller like "Panic in the Streets." The problems of production, direction, writing, and acting were different in each of those cases; each was done superlatively. One needed all of Hollywood's imaginative use of props and its abilities to stage spectacular sequences; the other involved more than anything else a director's intuitive use of the camera in a real setting, his catching of surprising and candid glimpses of people in their New Orleans habitat and then fitting them into the framework of his story. But we *can* choose the outstanding director of the year, and to our mind it is Elia Kazan for "Panic in the Streets." And we can say that the musical that most struck our fancy was "Annie Get Your Gun." Thus in this random fashion shall we hand out our posies.

It must be admitted, however, that within the *SRL* panel there were divisions of opinion about the merits of individual pictures. One of these differences cropped up between Richard Griffith and the undersigned when (over a couple of whiskey sours) we tried to select that American picture of the year we thought to be most outstanding. Mr. Griffith, for the record, favored "Sunset Boulevard" while this reviewer held out for "All About Eve." Certainly the return of Gloria Swanson in a richly backgrounded study of a silent movie star unable to cope with present-day realities resulted in a couple of fascinating movie hours, but I couldn't forgive some of the contrivances producer Charles Brackett felt necessary for the embellishing of his tale. On the other hand I feel much more in the mood to forgive the occasional overstatement and the excessive length of "All About Eve" in return for the most sparklingly witty and adult script that has come from the West Coast in a long, long time—not, I would say, since producer Joseph L. Mankiewicz gave us "The Philadelphia Story." It is writer and director Joseph L. Mankiewicz who is responsible for "All About Eve" and in the same capacities for that outspoken study of racial prejudice, "No Way Out." By all odds, Hollywood's Man-of-the-Year.

But in "All About Eve" he was helped no end by the wonderfully polished performance Bette Davis gave as the aging actress. Her only competition for the Academy Award would seem to be Gloria Swanson, who was quite magical in the role of another aging actress. While on the subject I'll make known our preference for the actor of the year—one Marlon Brando, who helped give "The Men" the conviction it needed to become the moving story of paraplegic war casualties it is. This was his first Hollywood role; he brought a fresh personality and talent to the screen.

Guess we might as well choose a studio of the year, and ours is Twen-

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tieth Century, under the aegis of Darryl Zanuck. Its 1950 list is the most impressive of all. Not only does it include "Panic in the Streets," "No Way Out," "All About Eve," but also the best of the year's war pictures, "Twelve O'clock High." Add comedies such as "Jackpot," and "Ticket to Tomahawk." Westerns came from all the studios but it was Twentieth Century that gave us the year's best in this genre—"The Gunfighter."

However, most of the major studios came up with pictures no one needed to feel shame for viewing. MGM achieved the year's richest photography in "King Solomon's Mines," along with an enchanting sound track. Warner's has "The Glass Menagerie" and John Huston's "The Asphalt Jungle" to its credit. We are indebted to Universal for Judy Holliday's wonderful dumb blonde in "Born Yesterday," and RKO is responsible for the return of Harold Lloyd in the hilarious Preston Sturges comedy "Mad Wednesday." Disney Productions did a superior job with "Treasure Island." And Stanley Kramer, an independent producer, continues to be Hollywood's wonder-boy with two utterly different movies: "The Men" and the first screening of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

A fine year all in all, but made richer for the film-goer by the exceptional number of excellent British films. We can afford only the bare mention of such diverting specimens as "Kind Hearts and Coronets," "Trio," "The Rocking Horse Winner," "Last Holiday," and "The Third Man." There were also "The Astonished Heart," "Tight Little Island," and "The Winslow Boy." Cheers, old chaps!

On the other hand French and Italian sources have fallen below their usual quota of good pictures. From France we had little but Cocteau's "Orpheus" and a period compilation, "Paris, 1900," to offer any real excitment. French and Italians combined to make the honest and bitter postwar romance "The Walls of Malapaga," while the Italians did "Difficult Years" and "Bitter Rice"—neither up to the level of masterpieces like "The Bicycle Thief" and "Paisan."

In a more general way we should note that Hollywood showed a not unusual, but curious, blindness in 1950 towards our international problems, offering only the vapid "Conspirator" as a reflection of the world-wide Communist menace, although an aspect of the cold war was reflected in "The Big Lift." Our international neighbors were portrayed, if at all, in thrillers and musicals. And how account for the lack of attention given the UN? We're glad to know, though, that Hollywood did land on the moon this year. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

TV and Radio

CONVERSION TO CRISIS

THE CHINESE invasion of Korea touched off a chain reaction that will affect every major phase of American life in the new year. In the broadcasting industry it is expected that the most important effect will be the cut-back in the production of radio sets and black-and-white TV receivers, while the mass production of color TV sets may be postponed indefinitely.

In a fast year-end finish, RCA has overtaken CBS's late 1950 lead in the color TV race, and the two rival systems are neck and neck once more with the long-range odds favoring RCA's all-electronic, "compatible" principles. Nevertheless, whatever the merits of the two opposing systems may now be, whatever the legal decisions and technical rulings that the courts and the FCC may eventually hand down—it seems that for the time being the RCA-CBS color debate has become more or less an academic matter.

In the new year radio with its all-time high of a hundred million sets will probably enjoy a return to the fold of some prodigal advertisers who lived riotously in TV during 1950. They may find that the cost of reaching a television audience that has stopped growing at approximately fifteen million sets has grown too high. And perhaps with a reduction in the amount of cars, refrigerators, radios, and TV sets waiting to be sold, and a heavy excess profits tax to pay to the Government, sponsors will let up a bit on what many viewers have found to be an excessive amount of commercials. It is not only poor taste; it is bad public relations to place undue stress on material things when the intangibles of consolation, courage, and conviction are so desperately needed.

In 1951 we can assuredly do without the behavior demonstrated by the Television Dealers of America in their "crusade" to preserve our children from the terrors of social ostracism by the purchase of TV sets. The phrase-makers of our nation talk much these days about the survival of our "moral" values. Those ads and the self-righteous justification with which they were toned down, once all hell broke loose around them, were not so much an exhibition of "immorality" as they were of "amorality."

However, in the emergency situation that lies ahead the broadcasting industry is obliged to do more than adjust its financial, manufacturing, and general sales approach to the exigencies of defense. The American people will hope that radio and TV, as the nation's most pervasive mass media, will enlist their full powers for the communication of information, insight, and refreshment.

What is the all-out capacity of radio and TV for an emergency situation? Is it "business-as-usual" with a more generous portion of newscasts, a garnishing of bond drives and camp shows, a peppering of documentaries and national unity sermons and slogans? Or is it something more, arising out of a grand plan designed in the grand manner to marshal the full mental and emotional resources of a people?

One American expert has suggested that an ideal program-structure, in peace or war, would run something like this: 60 per cent entertainment; 30 per cent information and the improvement of human relations; and 10 per cent "pure culture." We propose an even more modest attack.

First, we could have more of the United Nations broadcasts. The nature of our enemy in the world struggle can be no more eloquently brought home to the American people than by showing, particularly via video, the habits of mind and outward behavior which the Russian and Chinese delegates to the United Nations have demonstrated at Lake Success. We ought to have UN broadcasts regularly—not only during the day but also at night—by film and tape recording, when the whole family can see and hear them. Such programs ought not to be at the mercy of network commercial commitments. If necessary to insure regularity they should be sponsored.

News broadcasts ought to undertake to lay more stress once more, as they did from 1938 to 1945, on background and long-range, interpretive evaluation by competent, responsible analysts. Broadcasting has yet to overcome the insidiously fragmented and non-integrated character of most of its news communications.

In entertainment let us have comedy, by all means, and enough of it to combat the tensions that will tax us all—by the ebullient Milton Berle, the roguish Jimmy Durante, the creative Sid Caesar and Imogene

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Coca, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, and all the rest of broadcasting's bright company of clowns.

In a word, I give you a banner, gentlemen of communications, with the inscription—"dignity." Men are dying for it on bloody spots of the globe. You would do well to hold it higher in 1951 on America's airwaves. Take it also to your dramas, of which there are several worthy ones, to your crime-shows, and to your audience-participation programs. Ask yourselves when you choose a story, plot a scene, or gleefully plan a "sure-fire" stunt whether it will tend to degrade your audience.

Take contagion from the sensitive standards of such entertainers as Edgar Bergen, Dave Garroway, Molly Goldberg, and Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman. Borrow the adult attitudes and "feeling tones" of NBC's "Big Show," which manages to deal wittily, sentimentally, or hilariously in fundamental humanities without sacrificing a measure of self-respect.

In 1951 you ought to give more hours than you did in 1950 to those programs which suffer from the epithet "public service." There never was a time when we needed more clarification of the values that we defend—call it propaganda if you will—to underscore and illuminate the virtues of our precious free institutions.

We need this emphasis not only in such continuing programs as "Meet the Press," "Author Meets the Critics," "Invitation to Learning," "The Chicago Round Table," but also in revealing actuality broadcasts. To the American Broadcasting Company goes the palm for 1950 leadership in this category. NBC promises "activity" by the fall of 1951. Why wait? CBS once led in this field. It is difficult to believe that it will fail to respond to the current challenge. Public affairs broadcasts were a casualty of the postwar demobilization. The times demand that they be put in uniform again.

The big broadcasting story of 1950 was TV and its conversion to color. The big note in 1951 will be conversion to crisis. No Federal Communications Commission has the authority to compel American broadcasters and sponsors to honor the full spirit as well as the letter of this conversion, but a nation in trial will look for and welcome such honoring. —Robert Lewis Shayon.

Music to My Ears

"CARMEN" ON TV—AN ALL-BERG PROGRAM—DAVIS

DURING the run of "The Consul" I was advised, nay commanded, by more than one enthusiastic correspondent to go some night when Patricia Neway was not singing and hear Vera Bryner, her alternate, as Magda Sorel. I shall be more mindful of such advice in the future for Miss Bryner came off the television screen in NBT's "Carmen" a few days ago as an actress with style and a singer of very decent abilities.

In totality this was a rather puzzling "Carmen." By beginning the action in a prison cell with José rejecting religious counsel before his execution a flash-back pattern was created with José (David Poleri) relating the incidents not covered in the hour-long condensation. The generally excellent translation of Lillian Foerster and Townsend Brewster seemed to remember the Mérimée story more often than Bizet's librettist's did, but it is difficult to evade operatic responsibility when an opera score is utilized. For producer Samuel Chotzinoff and musical director Peter Herman Adler it may be said that the telescoping of the action and the adaptation of the music showed thought. I did not always agree that their last thought was the best possible thought.

Musically the production was anemic. To begin with, the orchestra was woefully small, especially in strings; the aptly characterized singing of Miss Bryner was obviously influenced by a nearby microphone, so that there was little real ring in the tones. Poleri's flower song was dramatically pertinent but vocally small-scaled. The Escamillo (Anthony Gainley) doubtless would have been happier in "The Vagabond King," but he enunciated well.

The mounting evidence indicates to me that televised opera can best be realized musically as a by-product of Met performances. Opera on television, however, has an independence as an art-form if it develops its own literature, suitable to the medium and derived from it. This NBT "Carmen" was an adroit instance of sitting on two stools, but the posture is notoriously uncomfortable, not to say insecure.

Christmas time always brings some lingering thought about Alban Berg, the greatly gifted composer of "Wozzeck," who died in Vienna just fifteen years ago on December 24. This year the thought was accentuated by the first one-man show of his works rememberable in New York—held, of all places, in the Juilliard Graduate School for the Student Aid Fund.

I don't know how much the Juilliard students profited from a smallish audience on a cold night, but this student profited enormously from a hearing of a dozen songs, four pieces for clarinet and piano (Opus 5, 1913), the piano sonata Opus 1, and finally the fairly familiar "Lyric" suite. All of this music preceded Berg's attraction to the twelve-tone method of Schoenberg, but it filled in much background about the works in that manner—the Violin Concerto and the opera "Lulu"—which have been heard. Bethany Beardslee, a young soprano who did all the singing with an uncanny command of mood, text, and musical material, did a special favor in performing two versions of the same lyric, "Schliesse mir die augen beide." The first, of 1900, is a dreamy reverie out of the third act of "Tristan"; the second, twenty-six years later, is nightmare rather than reverie, far more intense and personal, with the special quality of other-worldliness that inheres in the twelve-tone speech. Both in the clarinet pieces, for which Herbert Tichman was the excellent artist, and the sonata, played by Beveridge Webster, there was the quintessential poetic quality which makes Berg a name to revere even if we are still barely at the brink of knowing him thoroughly.

* * *

Ellabelle Davis's recent song recital in Town Hall was an unfortunately pretentious, ill-realized venture by this gifted soprano. When the matter of the program coincided with her known abilities, as in a pair of Richard Strauss songs, the results were both artistic and expressive; when she wandered off into areas dictated by thought rather than sympathy—as in Mozart's vastly challenging "Ch'io mi scordi di te?" and a group of five English lyrics of the sixteenth-century overingeniously set by Vittorio Rieti—her vocal technique was abruptly cut down to size. It is good, but not that good. Its usual goodness this time was compromised by a teethy, tight production in the lower register which contracted the jaw and made a relaxed, resonant production impossible. Apparently, the intent was to be Marian Anderson down below and Dorothy Maynor on top; she should concentrate on being Davis all the way. —Irving Kolodin.

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smoothness of their faces" assure him of safety

It is difficult to take this novel as a serious study of the German scene under Russian occupation because of its exclusive exploitation of current emotions instead of provision for clarity. Taken as a character study of a man whose muddled sympathies have driven him into an intellectual and emotional corner and through whose egocentric and rationalizing mind the reader views the world, "The Impossible Shore" is a minor triumph.

Fiction Notes

NONE BUT MY FOE, by David Duncan. Macmillan. $3. This is a good story judged as a melodramatic yarn. Embodied in it is an idea of some depth and much force of timeliness. If we say to ourselves that it seems just too wild a notion—almost any issue of a daily newspaper these days will give some evidence that David Duncan's exaggerations are merely those involved in the process of compressing his social comment into the confines of a slick tale, frankly schematic, deliberately paced to prevent pauses for questions.

The small Pacific Coast town of Blake had a minor hysteria over a "strange craft" and "foreign agent" scare. In the process of trying to check the repercussions of this Ellen Smith caught pneumonia and died. Her husband, Stephen, a writer (bearded n'everything), feels that she was virtually "murdered" by the pompous mayor who had made capital out of the situation when he might have halted it.

Being a bit psychotic Stephen cleverly contrives to set rolling a belief that the town water-supply has been poisoned by spies. His purpose is to watch the mayor and the people make fools out of themselves on a grand scale. The results exceed his expectations at once. An emergency is declared, panic sets in, women begin getting "sick." High brass from a neighboring Army post say, "Don't think this poisoning is a surprise to us—we've been ready for it a long time." The fury of the town turns most violently against the scientist who tells them the water isn't poisoned at all; a Dr. Stockmann in reverse.

How Stephen sees his ingenious, if mad, revenge get grimly out of control and what he tries to do about it make quite a tale. "None But My Foe" is not much as a novel, being strictly mechanical. But the comment it makes on a public state of mind is important and effective. If you feel like rejecting its premise too sweepingly remember the people who feared the Canadian smoke pall was radioactive and recall that sewer gas explosions can bring people in New York into the streets shouting "atom bomb." —EDMUND FULLER.

A FAMILY ROMANCE, by Elizabeth Pollet. New Directions. $2.50. In her first novel Elizabeth Pollet displays an undeniably fresh talent. She writes with sensitivity, understanding, and warmth, delving beneath surface attitudes to the core of inner tensions and conflicts. Although her theme is not a large one it is so thoroughly explored and truthfully presented that its range appears broader than it actually is. The inbred New England family she describes does not fall into a typical pattern; yet in its subterranean emotions, its fluid attachments and antagonisms it represents a paradigm of the family group in a restless and disturbed society.

Dominated by a wilful, self-centered father and a semi-invalid mother, the Reynolds family leads a rather bleak, circumscribed existence in an isolated country house. Its daily routine is geared to the working habits of the father, a composer who creates sonatas and symphonies in the barn, and to the hushed atmosphere around the mother's sickroom. Carl Reynolds's interest in his three children seems perfunctory, except for an occasional roughhouse with young Paul and an unwarranted display of animosity to his two daughters' suitors. Bored with his wife, who seeks solace in religion and administers benign homilies, he finds himself unnaturally drawn to his daughter Sally, a self-abnegating girl who has given up a college career to run the household.

Carl Reynolds's incestuous love for Sally is gradually revealed and culminates in a dramatic scene accidentally witnessed by his horrified wife, who attempts to convey her forgiveness in a passage fraught with understanding: "Oh Carl, you have no conception of the living volcanoes that spew us into this world: volcanoes of faith, of hope, of love; fires ever ready to burn in us if we learn to live in their glory. . . ." Stirred into action by fear and loathing, Sally runs off to New York, where she marries the devoted Ted Bronson.

There is nothing morbid or sensational about "A Family Romance" despite its elements of seduction, abnormality, illness, and death, for Miss Pollet tells her story with delicacy and

—*Mates.*

Elizabeth Pollet—"sensitivity . . . warmth."

perception. Her prose has clarity and an unpretentious simplicity. If there are occasional lapses of motivation and paucity of invention, these faults should disappear with maturity. All told, a commendable first effort.

—RAY PIERRE.

SYCAMORE, by Constance Wagner. Knopf. $2.75. When Jane, beautiful and sophisticated, married Walter Knowles and left New York to live in his home town of Sycamore customs and manners in that small stodgy town amazed her. Gradually but not without some painful experiences Jane found herself understanding both Walter and Sycamore and becoming an active citizen. Family skeletons, local politics, in-law complications, and the narrow but rigid social customs of Sycamore offer the usual obstacles to Jane's adjustment—but at the end all is well.

This rather pedestrian novel has at least the virtue of an authentic background, and one or two of the minor characters remain with us. But the others are stock figures and—like the famous victims in "The Mikado"—"never would be missed."

—CHRISTINE NOBLE GOVAN.

RAINBOW IN THE ROYALS, by Garland Roark. Doubleday. $3. In 1850, when Easterners were stampeding to the California gold fields, the average run for a sailing ship from New York to San Francisco via Cape Horn was a hundred and twenty-five days. Captain Jim Quick astonished shipowner Benjamin Appleton by promising to make the journey in one hundred days, which Appleton argued was an impossible feat. Afraid, however, that Quick might sail a compet-

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itor's ship, Appleton signed him on as master of the *American Beauty*. Presently Bill Quick, Jim's Younger brother, turned up as captain of the *Sea Star*, and its owner, Sars Coleb, bet Appleton $50,000 his ship could out-race the *American Beauty* to San Francisco. Young Ellen Appleton sailed with Jim aboard her father's ship, her sister Dora went along with Bill, and when the two ships left New York harbor not only a race but a quadrilateral romance was begun. During the long and eventful voyage the reader may wonder who will emerge victor in this saga of brotherly rivalry, but his curiosity will not be strained in guessing which Quick gets which Appleton.

The author of "Wake of the Red Witch" and "Fair Wind to Java" brings the seas, storms, and ships into focus with remarkable skill. His minor characters are rather colorful and credible. But the stalwart Jim and the buccaneering Bill, the serious-minded Ellen and the fickle Dora are more closely akin to the figureheads carved on the bows of the clipper ships than to the living creatures they should be. —JOSEPH M. GRANT.

THE INFINITE WOMAN, by Edison Marshall. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. Based rather loosely on the life story of Lola Montez, Edison Marshall's latest romance deals with the life of one Lola Montero—a woman, we are

told, of fabulous beauty and charm, a creature of moods and fancies and many loves, a dancer who became the greatest courtesan of all time, a commoner who became a countess. Mr. Marshall puts his heroine through the routine paces with heavy-handed authority, a rather lush style, and a fine disregard for probabilities of character and incident. Apart from her professional amours—which include an affair with Franz Liszt and one with the king of Bavaria—Mr. Marshall has provided his heroine with a pallid hero and a villain lifted straight from the pages of a Gothic melodrama. He has also permitted her some fancy speculations about life and death and good and evil, which are presumably included for purposes of persuading us that she is "The Infinite Woman." Unfortunately, they merely slow up an already slow narrative. Despite valiant efforts the baggage remains a bore, and one that I'm sure Amber would consider a rank amateur.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SHERLOCK HOLMES HOBBY-LOBBY

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., asks you to identify the characters from the Sacred Writings whose hobbies she briefly describes below. Allowing ten points for naming either the character or the story in which he appears a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 29.

1. Among his many interests was Chinese pottery, on which he wrote an authoritative book.
2. An ardent admirer of Napoleon, he collected books, pictures, and relics regarding the French emperor.
3. Playing chess was the only hobby of this retired manufacturer of artistic materials.
4. A member of three card-clubs, he played continually.
5. This patron of the arts had in his collection of pictures a genuine Corot and a questionable Salvator Rosa.
6. Her particular pursuit was the establishment of a guild for supplying the poor with cast-off clothing.
7. Nervous disease had always been his hobby and he was the author of a monograph on obscure nervous lesions.
8. Her spaniels, the most exclusive breed in England, were her special pride.
9. In the quarters of this collector of geological and anatomical objects were specimens of butterflies, moths, ancient coins, flint instruments, fossil bones, and plaster skulls of prehistoric men.
10. He had a passion for Indian animals such as the cheetah and baboon that wandered freely over his grounds.

ALCOHOL

(*Continued from page* 14)

apy, Alcoholics Anonymous, even ACTH, the newest of the "wonder drugs," are among those described. Research, the history of and need for research, and the groups involved in tackling this most protean of medical problems are touched upon.

There are some odd emphases and serious omissions throughout—none of which will be discernible to the uninitiate in this field and none of which detracts from the importance or value of this book.

Joseph Hirsh, author of "The Problem Drinker," is executive secretary of the Committee on Problems of Alcohol, National Research Council, and on the faculty of New York University.

Men of Distinction

BOTTLE FATIGUE, by Virgil Franklin Partch. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. Unpaged. $1. VIP inhabits another world. Periodically he turns up on ours as Mr. Virgil Franklin Partch II, dashes off a few cartoons, then leaves before he can be corrupted by normality. On his last sojourn he stayed around long enough to create a society of people who behave in a way that is completely logical to any man with six martinis under his belt. They pour drinks from bottle to jigger *horizontally*, leap into cocktail glasses headfirst, and drink half-pints of whiskey at a time, bottles and all. This alcoholic gallery has been recorded in "Bottle Fatigue"—a rollicking, original cartoon treatment of a lost week end.

As one of the foremost salesmen of the implausible, Mr. Partch exploits a variety of techniques. The Literal: a couple of parka-clad men in a kayak, towing an iceberg, above the caption "Why don't we let the other guys get the ice for these parties once in a while?" Old Line, VIP Twist: "Can't you knock first?" from a couple unexpectedly discovered necking in a frigidaire. The Ultimate in Alcohologic: a bartender wringing an empty bottle into a cocktail glass.

The best of the sixty cartoons reflect a humor that is incommunicable in words. Most of them are captionless, but about every third page Mr. Partch fears that one or two of his readers may be too sober to get the point; for them he provides captions. Once you've met VIP's men of distinction, you'll probably switch to Partch yourself. —BERNARD KALB.

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THE LITERARY SUMMING-UP

(*Continued from page 8*)

but for truly poetic drama this new man can write rings around Eliot. This may be examined more precisely in "Venus Observed," a situation Eliot might conceivably have dramatized, than in the older-fashioned (and how seductive!) "The Lady's Not for Burning." (I haven't elected Fry a "greater poet" than Eliot.)

Among the younger men Peter Viereck appeared with his second book, "Strike Through the Mask." And also there are rewarding pages in books by Richard Wilbur, Alfred Hayes, John Holmes, Delmore Schwartz, and John Frederick Nims. Some of these poets and a good many others were gathered by John Ciardi in "Mid-Century American Poets." Oxford at last added a sound, if latterly somewhat academic, "Book of American Verse," edited by F. O. Matthiessen, to its shelf, and W. H. Auden and Norman Holmes Pearson compiled a magnificent anthology of "Poets of the English Language" in five volumes.

I HAVE included the Pound "Letters" with the poetry, for poetry is primarily what they are about—poetry, art in general, and the life of the artist. They are overwhelming letters because the personality revealed (or partially revealed) is so volcanic. It should be said that Pound, whatever his arrogance and megalomania, is repeatedly disclosed ardent and unselfish in the cause of others of whom he approved. The book has been issued too soon; it is scarred with D. D. Paige's compulsive editing. But as it is it must be considered a paramount contribution to our cultural history.

A volume at least comparable in its absorption with art and more intense in its absorption with autobiography also appeared in 1950: Leo Stein's "Journey Into the Self." I think it will stay around, for seldom is a book so honest—and not less valuable in this age of anxiety for its record of a lifelong neuroticism. The reader proceeds from amazement to a kind of affection.

There were several contributions to the biographical-critical line, which is another stepchild as far as the general public is concerned and yet often productive of long-lived progeny. One of the simplest and most remarkable of these books was Marchette Chute's "Shakespeare of London." By avoiding speculation and sticking to documents Miss Chute inspired confidence and rewarded it with a sense of what Shakespeare's times were like and what, insofar as we can know it, his own life was like. Her point was not to explain the genius but to draw as near as possible to the man. She succeeded.

Bernard DeVoto analyzed methods and effects of the novel in "The World of Fiction," while Gladys Carmen Bellamy enlarged convictions of DeVoto's in a book on "Mark Twain as a Literary Artist." Twain was star of another pleasant (and useful) book, a study of the Hartford circle in his era, "Nook Farm," by Kenneth R. Andrews. They hadn't the group genius of Concord, Massachusetts, but they were vital people—and they had Mark Twain. The admirable American Men of Letters Series added two titles, each tops in its field: Newton Arvin's "Herman Melville" is the clearest, most sensible book about him, and John Berryman's "Stephen Crane" was able to repair and then go beyond even the famed memoir by Thomas Beer. The same pre-eminence can be accorded Richard Aldington's "D. H. Lawrence" and, at least by default of others, André Maurois' "Proust." Sir Osbert Sitwell's "Noble Essences" was a lesser but amusing codicil to his four great volumes of family reminiscence; the artists he celebrates are in too many instances minor, and Sir Osbert's baroque prose begins to strain. Something else again, the Maxwell Perkins letters in "Editor to Author" memorialized that devoted servant of literature.

Boswell—"publishing event."

Our best critic is probably Edmund Wilson. He can be fussy and waspish; but that is a part of an informed and educated sensibility which responds more interestingly than any other's to nineteenth- and twentieth-century writing. His "Classics and Commercials" chiefly collects reviews done throughout the 1940's and, such is his rare ability, they are worth the keeping. John Mason Brown's clean prose has much of the same continuous relevancy and it distinguishes "Still Seeing Things."

"A Primer of the Novel," by Vincent McHugh, managed to get well above the primer class, and away above it, too, belongs Lionel Trilling's collection, "The Liberal Imagination." There was kinship in attitude between yet another posthumous volume of Virginia Woolf's papers, "The Cap-

December Image

By Martha Bacon

NOW under rain the gold hills turning
Sea-green in sunlight! Now the morning
Slips from the east, a panther stirring
The luminous grass! All stilled his roaring
And he on feet of silence roving
Subdues the splendor of his moving
To this that is the very hour
Of the hyacinth, of the rose to flower.
And by the brook, blue myrtle blowing,
Darker than twilight, dark leaves lying
Under the singing fall! How gladly
Would all these things be yours. So proudly
This hand to you, these eyes, this bosom!
The Christmas star, the year's first blossom
Would I deploy to hold this favor,
To ease this heart, to cool this fever,
Save that they are but flesh, but earthly.
The hyacinth looks and grows as deathly
As ever hemlock to honest spirit
That Heaven or Zero may inherit.
Not to them peace or love to offer,
But only peace and love to suffer,
And at your hand, ah, great, ah giver!
Forever loved, frail mortal lover,
More dear to me than Helen's mirror
To Helen's eyes that see no error.

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tain's Death Bed" and Elizabeth Bowen's "Collected Impressions"—though Miss Bowen's friendlier standards make her less Mrs. Woolf's successor in criticism than in the novel. Indeed, the high point of Miss Bowen's essays occurs in the immensely concentrated pages about writing the novel; there we see her in a strictness toward her own art quite comparable with Mrs. Woolf's.

Now I see I have come all this way without mentioning some of the most prominent non-fiction, or "general," books of the year. In a moment I shall. One's impulse in a roundup of "best books" is to avoid so far as possible the tumbling degeneracy of mere listing and to try to say something in justification of what one has chosen. And since bias dictates much of these ratings one lingers over the novels and stories and poems and plays and even the criticism, in all of which creative writing necessitates personal judgment. The unarguable is never so interesting.

Thus, I suppose everyone will agree that the publishing event of 1950 was Boswell's "London Journal," beginning a series of forty volumes of wrested treasure. And that the less-heralded appearance of the first volume of the definitive "Papers of Thomas Jefferson" is another significant gamble in a shaky world. And that Winston Churchill's "The Grand Alliance" and "The Hinge of Fate" of course distinguish 1950 as they would any year, for here is a colossus of a gigantic war setting down his version; excepting Trotsky, probably the one politician of the twentieth century possessed of a great style.

To the continuing Roosevelt library no doubt the prime contributions were the third and fourth volumes of FDR's own "Personal Letters." Also in the political field "The Life of Mahatma Gandhi," by Louis Fischer, became for the present at least the standard biography. The always estimable Allan Nevins produced two volumes on "The Emergence of Lincoln." Adjacent there was Lloyd Lewis's not-to-be-completed "Captain Sam Grant."

There was also Carl Van Doren's final book, a biography of Franklin's sister, "Jane Mecom"—best read in conjunction with her "Letters," edited by Van Doren. Catherine Drinker Bowen continued the dramatic method in "John Adams and the American Revolution," and Louise Hall Tharp contributed the pleasant "Peabody Sisters of Salem."

With his two volumes on Berlioz Jacques Barzun erected one of the monuments of the year; more skilful as criticism than biography, it was anyway almighty impressive. And from the long-locked Burrell collection were at last released a rich cache of "Letters of Richard Wagner." As to monuments—Will Durant went on with his vast history of the world; his latest thousand pages, "The Age of Faith." And he kept it sprightly.

Crane Brinton's dour "Ideas and Men" gives me a generic title for grouping others outstanding which—among what have I missed?—must be cited. John Dos Passos's "The Prospect Before Us" combined good reporting and somewhat heavy preachment on the state of affairs. A high point in journalistic books was Owen Lattimore's "Ordeal by Slander." There were two more than competent sociological-esthetic inquiries: Gilbert Seldes's pursuit of the lively arts in "The Great Audience" and Henry Steel Commager's continuation of Parrington in "The American Mind." Alistair Cooke's "A Generation on Trial" achieved a witty, dispassionate summary of the Alger Hiss trials; stylistically brilliant in that mature manner some Britishers seem born to, it is one of the most civilized books of the year.

In the etcetera department are some books that zoomed on best-seller lists and some that plodded a quiet way in sales, and yet all of a kind that lend color to a year's publication, give it backbone and strength. They are various. We had on the one hand that superb narrative of sea adventure "Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl; or on the other, for instance, Truman Capote's least ambitious but so far best-written book, "Local Color." Elliot Paul reported a return to "Springtime in Paris" with his customary mischievous flavor. Anne Parrish, who twenty years ago achieved a classic ("Floating Island") in children's literature—meaning a book for children that adults also enjoy—contributed a second charmer in "The Story of Appleby Capple"; and James Thurber's "The 13 Clocks" used all the old gadgetry of prince, maiden, and forbidden castle with engaging guile.

"The wind is rising and the year is old." What will outlast the wind and the year we may know in another decade or another century.

W. T. Scott, book review editor of the Providence Journal, *is author of "Mr. Whittier and Other Poems."*

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Baron Adelbert Gruner, in "The Illustrious Client." 2. Dr. Barnicot, in "The Six Napoleons." 3. Josiah Amberly, in "The Retired Colourman." 4. Ronald Adair, in "The Empty House." 5. Thaddeus Sholto, in "The Sign of the Four." 6. Nancy Barclay, in "The Crooked Man." 7. Dr. Percy Trevelyan, in "The Resident Patient." 8. Lady Beatrice Falder, in "Shoscome Old Place." 9. Nathan Garrideb, in "The Three Garridebs." 10. Dr. Grimesby Roylott, in "The Speckled Band."

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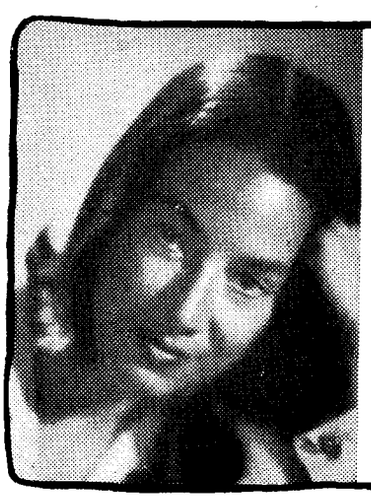

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

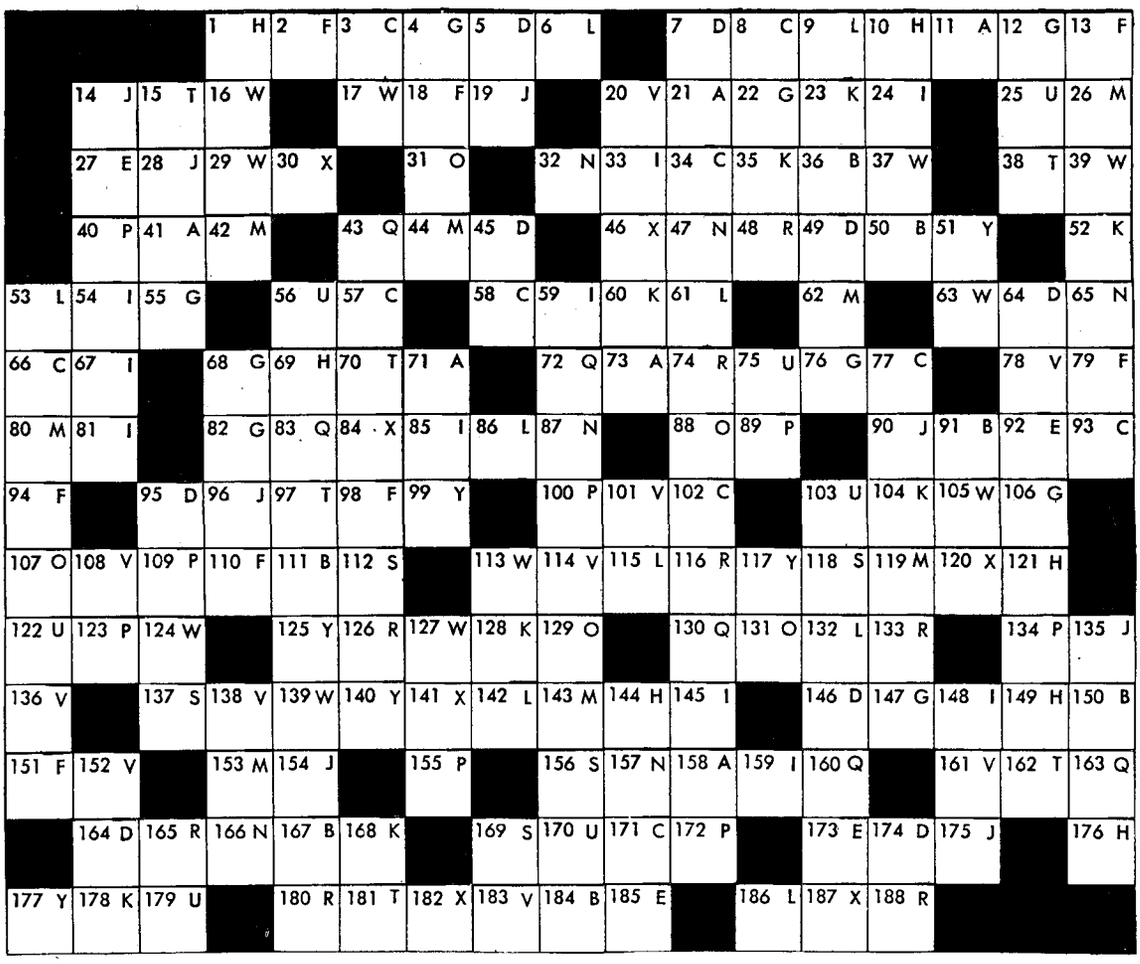
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. African weaverbird of subfamily Viduinae.	21 41 11 71 158 73
B. Malevolent feeling (2 wds.).	50 36 111 91 150 167 184
C. The Pentateuch (3 wds.).	93 171 102 8 58 34 57 66 3 77
D. A machine for cutting grass around the house (2 wds.).	45 174 164 7 146 64 95 5 49
E. Abode of the fairies (Ir. & Scot. folkloré).	27 173 92 185
F. Peak in eastern Nevada, 9,395 feet high.	2 79 13 98 94 18 151 110
G. Novel by Anna Brontë, 1848.	147 68 12 22 82 76 4 55 106
H. Hungarian statesman and patriot (1802-94).	149 69 121 176 144 1 10
I. City in Indiana on Ohio River, near confluence with Wabash.	67 54 59 148 145 159 85 24 81 33
J. Christian prelate of fifth century, author of 9 vols. of poems and letters valued as source material.	154 14 90 135 19 96 28 175
K. Herringlike food fish, called sardines when young.	35 60 23 178 52 104 128 168
L. Strait separating Manhattan from Brooklyn (2 wds.).	115 53 6 9 61 186 86 142 132
M. Eagle without beak or feet, with expanded wings (her.).	62 44 80 42 119 153 143 26

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Nephew of Charles I of England, known as "The Mad Cavalier".	166 65 47 87 157 32
O. Stage, esp. floor or story (Fr.).	129 88 31 107 131
P. Last of the six sections of Word U.	40 89 100 155 123 109 172 134
Q. American industrialist and political leader in N. Y. City, active in founding Cooper Union (1822-1903).	130 160 163 43 72 83
R. African territory, once the Biblical land of Cush.	133 188 126 48 165 180 74 116
S. Sounding dull and without resonance, as a violin.	169 118 137 156 112
T. A star (Fr.).	162 97 70 38 15 181
U. Basis of the Talmud, divided into six portions or orders.	103 25 56 170 75 122 179
V. Certain modified feathers in certain birds, as herons, parrots, etc., producing a scaly exfoliation (2 wds.).	183 101 136 152 138 114 20 108 78 161
W. Birthplace of Thomas Carlyle.	127 17 29 16 37 39 124 113 63 139 105
X. To make friable, as pastry, with butter, lard, or the like.	46 30 182 84 141 120 187
Y. Reduplication expressing mild reproof or objection (comp.; interj.).	125 140 117 51 177 99

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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E.S.K. New Year's Letter to D-Cers

FIRST of all the usual cordial greetings for the New Year, with gratitude for your continued support and apologies at not having been able to answer your welcome letters sooner. As some of you know, I did make a beginning recently; but due to a closet-bound filing case, my unexpected moving back to this inn after a four months' experience in a private house, and excessive work on D-C's in their sixteenth year of the game, only a beginning could be made. Perhaps by the time this issue reaches you Series 26, promised for the Christmas sales, will be in your hands, and Series 27 will have been started.

The hospitable college library here and a good town library are not to be compared with the superb reference department of the main New York City Public Library. Though I still find the Mercantile Library of East Forty-seventh Street, New York City, a life-saver and publishers are most generous in giving me books sent for, I am handicapped for material. If, as one puzzler wrote, some of the quotations I use are pedestrian I am conscious of the fact; having consumed hours in finding the quote with the letters required for the Crostic, I dislike wasting the time already spent on it and use it against my better judgment. I regret that I often have thus to sacrifice substance to technique.

Some of you request, flatteringly to be sure, more books, and others object to omissions in the quote. What I have written as to the difficulties of finding just what I want and the lack of time at my disposal, applies equally to this situation. I wish that individuals were within visiting distance so that I could cure any D-C aches and pains by staging a seance where each could do his own D-C. Let me tell you for your benefit the processes in making just one D-C.

After finding the suitable quotation, a choice that often takes as much as a day, the letters of the quote have to be broken up into piles, that I may know at the start with what I am dealing. The fascinating utilization of all the letters follows with the final juggling of words so that all letters are included, sometimes making a far different effect from that I originally conceived. Until I finish I can rarely tell whether the puzzle evolved will be difficult or easy. Writing down the quotation and numbering it comes next, with the distribution of the numbers among the words so that no one section will be clueless. As I look back on my first efforts, I realize that this distribution of numbers has become a science. A thorough check-up ensues to see that no letter has been used twice and no letter omitted. This count is most essential. Then definitions, if possible those not used before, have to be selected from authorities, the diagram made, and the index letters supplied; then comes the typing, which I loathe, and finally the whole supposedly finished product mailed to the alert and nimble copyreader to farm out the diagrams to be done in India ink and to get the whole ready for the printed page. All this is for you who, like Oliver Twist, keep asking for "more."

Some of you have noted of late the use of geographical terms. These I find superbly to my need in the new Webster's Geographical Dictionary, sent to me last spring by our John Newbury. I disregard names too local, though their inclusion would save me hours of extra work, but I like particularly the historical notes if a name has an important historical aspect. As I hope that you have, I have learned a lot from it. I like to recall the words York, Pennsylvania, for though I had a good course in American history in high school I did not recall that York, Pennsylvania, was the capital of the American Colonies when the British occupied Philadelphia in 1777-78. Did you? Incidentally I was able, too, to use that fact in a project to teach geography and history, by means of your postmarks and those of others pasted into grouped scrap-books, to a charming little elementary-school girl in town. Postmasters whose capitals we needed and to whom I sent reply postals (explaining the project and asking them to mail the other card with a clear postmark of the capital stamped on it), in some cases sent in additional picture cards of their post-offices, and I was able to reciprocate by a simple but dignified picture of this college town. Great fun!

Space will not permit comment on all the thoughtful letters received from you this year. Among the most interesting ones was that from Anne Daniels, court stenographer at the trial of the Nazis in Germany. From Nürnberg she welcomed the discovery of D-Cs as a definite relief. But a most irritating letter came from a Massachusetts man, who found what he supposed to be a duplicate D-C in one of my books and without proving that it was a duplicate—for in this case I think he was incorrect—he decided in order to avoid such experiences to do no more D-C's. On the other hand Theodore Leinbach, of Reading, Pennsylvania, long a D-Cer, did find a quotation in the *SRLs* similar to one in Series 8, on which he was then working, and he was good enough to write that he enjoyed the experience, for the words of course were different. I have always feared such duplication, as I have never been able to devise satisfactorily a scheme to avoid it. Perhaps some of you more technically inclined can help—but not, please, a scheme that consumes more time than it is worth.

It is always a source of joy to meet our D-Cers; so again I invite you to drop in at the inn while passing through Middlebury. Vermont scenery is rewardingly beautiful.

As to visitors, in closing I must regale you with the experience of Mrs. A. H. Taylor of Oakland, California, a D-Cer who came to the inn for a week's stay last summer. In having the agent make out an itinerary for her first trip to New England she insisted that he include Middlebury, Vermont. Never having heard of the place he said all sorts of things! But she got here and, though the weather that week was far from ideal, she said that she had enjoyed her stay, and I enjoyed it too. So do come.

—ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY.

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MY LETTER BOX is standing bare. Little lady don't you care? Box 472-E.

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SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

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Fifty Years of Record Prices

C. G. BURKE

THE BENEFITS conferred by LP, wide reaching and patent enough to have been welcomed by music lovers with a gratitude now fading in the familiar historical way as the fruits of revolution become as habitual as daily bread, do not yet include certain advantages which the nature of LP suggests we must inevitably have.

Most conspicuously unattained of the expected advantages is a rationale of retail prices, a simply organized prescription of cost to the public, at once apparent and real, created in good faith and accepted with understanding and approval. The record industry has not known such a rationale, nor any other. The primary, essential advantage of LP is its preservation of musical continuity, pointing concomitantly to the only universal musical quantity which can be universally counted: duration.

Apparent duration has been the basis of the price structure for more than two decades, and the appearance has been indeed illusory. Before 1925 other bases, none satisfactory to either manufacturer or consumer, were employed and abandoned. It is hard not to believe that LP will establish *audible* duration as a proper basis for price lists, all other conceivable ones having failed or been rejected before trial as impractical or overelaborate.

We do not know how to express esthetic values in monetary symbols. We generally assume Laurence Sterne to have had a defter writing hand than Miss Kathleen Winsor, but we can only assay the superiority adjectivally, and the old fellow is cheaper in the bookstores. We certainly do cherish Schubert more than Dudley Buck, but we are unable to translate the difference into specie. Falla and W. F. Bach have in common that they were good composers, with one doubtless better than the other; but which, and how much? Our perplexity here is the same as the record companies facing the same posers, with the mandatory but engaging result that purely musical values have never been considered as a factor in determining the prices of recorded music. The two broad divisions—both badly named—of Classic and Popular overlap, and their contents are decided by the personality of the performer rather than the nature of the composer. "Oh! Susanna" and several "Ave Maria's" are to be found in both divisions, as are "Onward Christian Soldiers" and a number of jazz pieces, with a specified price in the popular section and a higher specified price among the "classics."

In industry generally, cost is presumed to determine price, and to an extent—let's not exaggerate—it does. But in the record industry cost is not a factor in comparative pricing, except inversely, exception also made for a period long ago when prices were raised in proportion to the number of expensive reputations combining to make discs. The latter exception, of price based on pluralism, seems not unreasonable; but it is never employed any more, was never consistently applied, is not likely to be reinstituted in an age when the phonograph is a musical instrument, and was less frequently encountered than the rather bewildering system of counter-pluralism. Readers may remember some of these examples:

In the 1930's Wilhelm Backhaus recorded for HMV. A pair of Chopin Etudes of his making cost eight shillings and sixpence. Joining his talents to those of a symphony orchestra under a prominent conductor in the "Emperor" Concerto brought the price per disc down to 6/6. The gifted baritone Charles Panzéra commanded a price of fifty francs for each of his discs: concerted with a tenor and soprano of not indifferent prestige, together with a good orchestra and fine choir directed by Piero Coppola in the "Damnation of Faust," his discal price tumbled to half. Dora Labbette's dainty soprano was held at 6/6 per disc, but the records of the "Messiah,"

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in which she participated with other soloists, chorus, and orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, were sold for 4/6. Elisabeth Schumann's records were valued at two dollars, but when she joined the forces used in the B Minor Mass a reduction to a dollar and a half was effected.

That was counter-pluralism, a perversity as delightful as it was incomprehensible to a public bewitched by falling prices for rising virtues. Lest the accusation be made that straightforward pluralism as a basis of price has been lightly treated here, a digression may be allowed to admit knowledge of the system that culminated in the Sextet from "Lucia," a Victor recording of which was the most famous disc ever made. The system was simple, although the applied fee varied: an irreducible price —say two dollars—was attached to any single-sided twelve-inch disc of a celebrated musician, on a kind of tacit assumption that half represented the cost of recording that musician and half represented the manufacturer's general expense including the cost of the refuse composing the disc and the expense of the accompaniment, whose quality, up to about 1915, was such as to suggest a rebate as the only equitable compensation. A second ballyhooed musician on the same disc would compel the imposition of a second dollar to the cost; and the pattern was followed to the limit of the manufacturer's ability to find compositions susceptible to the recording of multiple celebrities. Here is the kind of easy gradation encountered: "Santa Lucia," $2.; Boat-Song from the "Tales of Hoffman," $3.; Trio from "Faust," $4.; Quartet from "Rigoletto," $5.; Quintet from "Die Meistersinger" (with accompaniment by instrumental quintet thrown in with a reckless disregard of expense), $6.; Sextet from "Lucia," $7.

Those were the days. That Puccini was not commissioned to compose a decimonquintet especially for the talking machine is an omission inexplicable in the history of the phonograph and a severe reproach directed at the acumen of the industry's pioneers. (Sixteen bucks.) Just the same, the seven gratefully paid for the "Lucia" Sextet is equivalent to us who live after two fat inflations to twenty-eight dollars, which could buy for us now a complete "Lucia" with a splendid "Rigoletto" to boot.

Insignificant as was the influence of pluralism on later and important developments, a related and parallel concept of pricing was more widely applied, lasted longer, and indeed is not quite dead yet. This was the interesting proposition that gradations of desirability could be expressed by corresponding chosen sections of the spectrum, in turn exactly indicative in dollars and cents of relative discal values. Color became the standard by which manufacturers assessed their records; tint of the label, that is, more readily recognized than tonal values. Almost without exception manufacturers established their own opposing hierarchies of hues determinative of the values they put upon their discs. For the highest rank, which is to say the most expensive, the following colors have at some time or other been used somewhere or other: gold, brown, blue, purple, white, silver, black, green, and red. And somewhere or other the same colors have been used to designate the lowest, the cheapest rank of records.

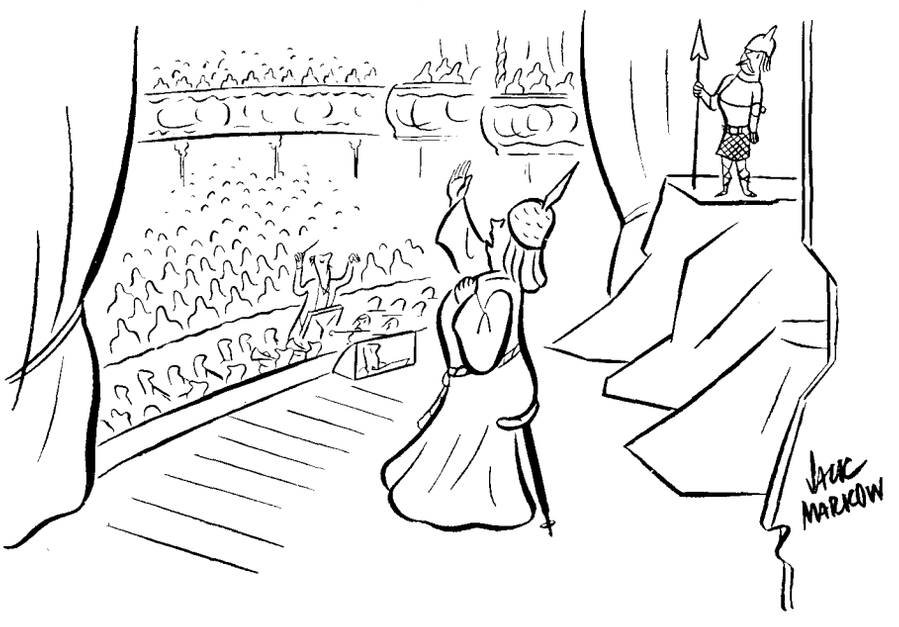
THE battle of colors ended with a sensational victory for one and frustrating degradation for all the others. The triumph of red justified Victor's name, and gave the company an ascendancy in the industry not jeopardized, although frequently challenged, until confronted with the plain inevitability of LP. So compelling was the Red Seal that for years single-faced twelve-inch discs with that label commanded $1.75, while blue labels (containing in general music of better quality) were sold for $1.50 double-faced, and black double-sided records were valued at only $1.25.

Emergence of radio broadcasting abruptly terminated the lush perpetual adolescence of the phonograph by luring customers away to the ether, leaving the phonograph world bare and hopeless, prepared for oblivion, but at the threshold of maturity. The hordes whom Caruso, Galli-Curci, Werrenrath, and the popular ballad-singing John McCormack had induced to fill the phonographic coffers discovered what they really liked. Their defection made it possible for the phonograph to become a musical instrument, and opened the era of price based on Bulk.

Commerce in records limped towards extinction. No one, even in the record industry, had any diffidence about declaiming his conviction that the phonograph was done. In radio and financial circles wiseacres argued how much of her wrecked trade Victor could salvage if she entered radio.

Victor double-sided her red seals. Okeh experimented with a dismal sort of recorded pornography, an entertainment now widespread on "party-records." Edison was moribund. In her extremity fumbling in all quarters for customers, Columbia recklessly, having little to lose, invaded the domain of serious music, between which and the phonograph reciprocal hostility and contempt had existed for decades. Her tardy and reluctant action re-established her fortunes.

From recently recorded English masters Columbia issued a dozen works in the concert repertory, seven of them sets of three or more discs enclosed in albums, most without cuts. Victor, always sensitive to questions of prestige, was obliged to enter the same field, which she had tentatively scratched two years before with some English importations of her own, in the main abbreviated versions of standard works. Emboldened by the welcome which had greeted her first batch of this kind of record, Columbia issued another. Victor responded energetically in kind. Masterpieces were recorded as fast as the public would absorb them. The tremendous technical improvement of microphonic recording gave an incalculable impetus to repertorial growth. In the two



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years of 1927 and 1928 more records of true worth were issued than in the entire previous life of the phonograph. There has not since been any prolonged period of diminished production.

The displacement of Donizetti, Leoncavallo, and De Koven by Beethoven, Mozart, and Wagner effected profound related changes. Emphasis shifted from expensive tenors and sopranos to the leading conductors and serious singers. Celebrities changed their tune abruptly, often with alacrity: Rachmaninoff turned from his C sharp minor Prelude to the "Carnaval," to Beethoven sonatas with Kreisler, to his own concertos. Kreisler's bow now wrought a sturdier fabric than his own nice little pastiches—a Mozart concerto, the Beethoven and Brahms concertos. Weingartner, Beecham, Coates, Blech, Harty, Kleiber, Sargent, Walter, and Busch dominated the phonographic scene, altered the phonographic values, reversed phonographic taboos. The audience of the new phonograph, the purchasers of the new records, were more learned, more critical, and more articulate than any customers with whom the manufacturers had had experience.

REMEMBER please that this was the world of "On the Road to Mandalay," "Cohen at the Telephone" and the "Lucia" Sextet; of "The Whistler and His Dog," of "Ombra mai fu" on the xylophone and "Der Lindenbaum" in cornet duo; of "In a Clock-Store," "By the Waters of Minnetonka," and "The Laughing Record." Perhaps it was more like a neighborhood grocery than a world, a grocery operated by Victor Herbert and his mother, Machree. Suddenly its shelves were without precedent stocked with caviar, truffles, and pâté de Strasbourg. It was Micky's Bar and Grille beset by a strange, supercilious public demanding Montrachet and Musigny; it was Hollywood facing a clamor for Sophocles, Corneille, and Dryden.

No wonder at all that the grocers misunderstood the nature of their stock, that Micky mistrusted his lofty clientele, that Hollywood was unable to cope with all the exigencies created by the sudden appearance of educated people everywhere insisting that film be put to some intelligent use. It was inevitable that record manufacturers would make mistakes in the adaptation of their plant to a new kind of production for a new kind of patronage; it is unfortunate that some of the early mistakes should have acquired the sanctity of tradition and remained in function twenty-five years after their initial appearance, long after a new generation, versed in the nature of musical commerce, had succeeded to the management of the companies.

The new clients of the phonograph wished to buy, and assumed they were buying, reproductions of certain pieces of music in certain performances. The manufacturers were making and selling *records*. The poles were opposite. The music lover, for reasons primarily musical, wished his music on as small a number of discs as possible, preferably one; while the manufacturer, for reasons entirely unmusical, found his deep contentment in the multiplication of his sales unit, which was the disc. He chose to regard a serious musico-economic problem entirely in its economic aspect. The music lover purchased *sound* in the form of discs, which he trusted would be recorded with the most painstaking attention to the obvious end in view of getting the completest reproduction permissible under existing mechanical limitations. The manufacturer sold *containers* into which he injected sound; the container held only so much; and in the past when the manufacturer poured in sound he cut off the flow when the capacity of the container had been reached. His job was to sell containers, and he sold myriads; but it is probable that the long alienation of music lovers from the phonograph had been primarily produced by his cheerful truncation of masterpieces.

Under the mysterious new conditions he had a given amount of sound to pour into his containers; and as the containers brought in the cash, he was practically never insistent that they be filled. He was resourceful enough to develop certain convenient devices, such as expansive labels and swollen lands, which could make half-empty containers look like full ones. He was selling records on the basis of a ten- or twelve-inch diameter on the implication that diameter determined duration, which it does only if all other factors are constant. By decreasing the factor of grooves-per-inch at his pleasure, he reduced the length of the spiral in which the music is contained, and curtailed the duration of the music on the discs so treated.

TO A music-lover any interruption of the musical continuity of a formal composition is outrage. To him a composition recorded on six sides is of considerably more value than on eight, not only because the flow of sound is interrupted twice less, but because of the reduction of bulk, weight, hazard of breakage, and surface susceptible to the curse of warpage. It is plain that no one responsible for manufacturers' policy ever listened for pleasure to his company's records of longer music: how could he assent to supererogatory interruptions? An astonishingly high proportion of the albums issued prior to LP are startlingly deficient in the amount of music theoretically allotted to 78-rpm discs by the manufacturers' own variable and debatable standards. Latterly there was some agreement that for twelve-inch sides 4¼ minutes was properly attainable and 3¼ for tens; but there are many sets of eight or more sides wherein not one approaches this length and where most are under three minutes. There are twelve-inch sides as short as a minute and a few seconds and as long as five minutes and three-quarters. There are painfully many sets with a time-average per twelve-inch disc shorter than that prescribed for tens.

The Second Symphony of Brahms has been recorded many times, in editions on eight, nine, ten, and twelve twelve-inch sides. The temporal discrepancy in nine editions examined is about three minutes. The most recent, and probably the best, by Monteux for RCA Victor, lasts for about thirty-six minutes, is held to eight sides and has three sides just above or just below five minutes. A version by Ormandy for the same company employs twelve sides for its thirty-eight minutes, only one of which attains four minutes. Five fall below three minutes. On twelve sides, the work could have been recorded on ten-inch discs, which have patent physical advantages over their larger brothers allergic to more ailments; but the ten-inch disc had for long been disdained by manufacturers for multi-disc recordings, even when its utility was obvious.

The Brahms-Ormandy-Victor thing, with its 50 percent increment of nuisance and cost, is admittedly an extreme case, but it points the easy-going inconsistency of a great manufacturer who also issued the excellent and conscientious Monteux edition. It is impossible not to ask why, if the Monteux surpasses the limits of discretion in the length of some of its sides (although the ear notes no catastrophic deterioration), it was ever recorded; or why, if the Monteux is of such good quality on eight sides, twelve should have been used in the Ormandy in accounting for two additional minutes. Were the Ninth Symphony to be recorded on the shortest twelve-inch 78-rpm sides with which we have been favored, forty-eight sides would be required, a burden for any changer; eleven sides would suffice for the work on discs of the longest duration we have. What price twelve-inch?

(To be concluded next month.)

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A Burst of Berlioz

JACQUES BARZUN

IF there is one well-rooted mania of our time, it is that of keeping records. No committee can meet without a stenographer to embalm the meanderings of the membership, and for bigger things we have machines that immortalize by electricity: everything is taped up—except, it seems, the truly rare in musical events. This month, for instance, there took place in New York and Cincinnati, respectively, two very uncommon Berlioz performances; performances of major works entirely unknown to most of those present. Yet neither of them was preserved except on the unsatisfactory tablets of memory.

In New York this month Beecham gave the "Te Deum" for three choruses, tenor solo, organ, and orchestra; it had not been heard in Carnegie Hall since the building's inauguration in 1891, Tchaikovsky being present. In Cincinnati a few days later, Thor Johnson and the Cincinnati Symphony, assisted by the choruses of the city schools, gave "The Infant Christ," which had not been heard in this country since Dr. Philip Greeley Clapp's intimate performance at the University of Iowa in 1945.

It is a commonplace that unfamiliar music of any depth or complexity requires several hearings before it can be judged or enjoyed. A single playing, however brilliant, acts like a flash of lightning: it dazzles or alarms without leaving any clear impression, and darkness settles down again. Surely there are not ten men in New York who were at the inaugural of Carnegie Hall and again the other day, and who can compare the two versions of the "Te Deum." But, without this comparison the second judgment is likely to be as faulty as a first; which points to a neglected fact about music and an unrecognized virtue in discs: unfamiliar music has to be played often before it can be played right.

By competing with one another and with live performances, discs enable us to demand certain results until, by piecing together in our minds the partial successes of several renderings, we generate a listeners' tradition which sooner or later finds its reward in a perfect set of records—an achievement at once dazzling and recoverable.

There are other reasons why a pair of LP's fixing for us the two Berlioz works would have been desirable. The most important is that both Beecham and Johnson love Berlioz and lavish their best skill and care in presenting him. Their interpretations would have been permanent cornerstones in the edifice of Berlioz's religious music. Coming out simultaneously, and while the "Requiem" is still a fresh discovery, they would clinch the fact that the composer's hallmark is dramatic variety. Three works of sacred music inspired by one and the same religion could not differ more in mood and style had they been conceived by three different men: the "Requiem" exultant in the drama of salvation; "The Infant Christ" humble, innocent, and rustic; the "Te Deum" austere and as if concentrated in prayer.

At Carnegie Hall the devotees of the "Requiem" were somewhat disconcerted that the "Te Deum," despite its

grandiose scale and tonal magnificence, should move within limits so "classical." Bewildered, one critic thought the inspiration weakened as the work progressed. Tchaikovsky had thought just the opposite. Others severally chose each of the six movements as the peak. Similarly at Cincinnati, where one also heard from those who call "The Infant Christ" Berlioz's only masterpiece because it meets their demand for intimacy, delicate coloring, and domesticated emotion. What an opportunity lost to knock musically together the heads of these eclectics, all shaking their discs at one another!

Unlike the compositions, the obstacles to recording were common enough. At Cincinnati the text was sung in English—an excellent translation, but it voided the possibility of London's choosing it for their list, as they want to retain Berlioz's exquisite lines and market the work in France. Let this be an encouragement to Mr. Johnson for a second try next season, when he may be induced to restore the few cuts that he made for program convenience.

Beecham ran into a greater difficulty than language—nationality. He and the Royal Philharmonic are British (as his speech from the podium put beyond doubt) and the rules in force among unionized musicians are sensitive to birthplace. Since the Baronet and his cohort could not become naturalized just for one Wednesday night, it is good to know that they will record the work on home soil.

As we console ourselves a bit sourgrapishly with the prospect of "L'Enfance du Christ" in French, so we can say that an English-Columbia recording of the "Te Deum" may turn out even preferable to the one just missed. The chorus of the Schola Cantorum showed its admirable training under Hugh Ross, but its size was inadequate. Huddled at the back of the stage and singing into the beautiful but baffling valence across the proscenium arch, the voices were frequently inaudible above the full-strength orchestra.

MOREOVER, the "Te Deum" is designed for what used to be known as antiphony and is now called stereoscopic sound. The organ should be at the opposite end of the church from the orchestra, and one double chorus away from the third. The tenor solo alone rises from the instrumental mass, so that the nuances within the movements, which are less marked than in the "Requiem," gain force from distance and distinctness of timbre. In the *tutti* the edifice is assailed by sound from all parts.

Again, if conducted in synchronized separate groups, the drama embedded in the music is more easily elicited from the voices, which always tend to sing only notes if led from too far away. In the final "Vision of Judgment" the other night, the men and women sang beautifully in tune, but they tended to break up the relentless movement into squarish sections. One felt that although they might be apprehensive about the removal of rent controls, they were not in the least afraid of eternal damnation. Mr. Ross should have been there giving them Hell for retransmission to us.

Lastly, it might be urged on Sir Thomas that when he records the work he should restore the two instrumental pieces he omitted here. The very brief prelude to the "Dignare" is not only a gem of a tone poem, it is also necessary to the form. It gives point to the string-and-organ close of the preceding number and re-establishes the "Te Deum" theme that binds together the whole work. At the very end, the military march serves as frame to the picture.

Once before, some fifteen years ago at Queen's Hall, Beecham had the hearers of the "Te Deum" up in their seats shouting their enthusiasm. Let him do it on discs and we'll be tossing them across the Atlantic like straw hats at a national convention.

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Guys, Dolls & Frank Loesser

GODDARD LIEBERSON

THE FIRST time I saw "Guys and Dolls" was in Philadelphia, sitting next to a beautiful doll named Lynn, wife of a guy named Frank Loesser. I loved the show beyond counting; beyond knowing the people who created and directed it, beyond, even, my warm feelings for them. I knew that to be the case, but to make sure, I saw it a second time in Philadelphia, and then a third time in New York City, which makes me not only well traveled, but a minor authority on this particular show. After the New York opening I awaited the opinions of the critics and they were gratifyingly exuberant, enthusiastic, and laudatory. But in one respect the reviews were rather a surprise: it seemed to me that they had not conveyed the stature of the man who had written both the words and the music for "Guys and Dolls," Frank Loesser, who, to my mind, has ascended at the age of forty to a position among the top four or five show composers of the land.

I pondered this gray fact and then remembered my own experience at the first hearing of "Guys and Dolls." I remembered the overpoweringly good book, direction, and dancing, and a score so perfectly integrated with these that it was impossible, afterwards, to recall which was song and which was book in the furtherance of plot. In such a situation, the composer is apt to be taken for granted, and I think that this is what has happened. Furthermore, there are sixteen wonderful songs in the score, each of a quality far beyond the call of duty, and they are songs of such an insinuating and ingratiating nature that on one hearing the memory clings to bits of each with maddening inconclusiveness. An audience can't leave a theatre whistling sixteen tunes, and almost all of the sixteen command that kind of immediate attention.

Loesser's music is perhaps the most variegated of any popular composer around. I'm not saying that this is a particular virtue as opposed to a kind of stylistic single-mindedness in other composers, but it is a fact. His tunes and lyrics range from aubadal cartoons to nocturnal landscapes and cover nearly everything in between, including canons, fugues, jingles, strettos, adagios, cantatas, incipient sonatas, and minute-operas, such as his famous "Baby, It's Cold Outside." Loesser's mind is fantastically eclectic and catholic, and I'm convinced that deep in his auricular cavity he carries a sheaf of litmus papers which quickly tell him whether he has encountered acid or alkali in what he hears. He is as quick with words as with tunes, and equally knowledgeable. This is particularly so in the areas of cant, slang, and Menckenian obscurities, which serve him to great advantage in "Guys and Dolls." At the same time, he is capable of genuine lyric beauty, or quick transitions to sophistries dealing with such subjects as the psychosomatic origins of the common cold.

THE score of "Guys and Dolls" represents kind of a "total" of Frank Loesser, since it contains almost every kind of song in his kit. To begin with there are the most likely "quick hits," the ones which make music publishers remove the cigar from their mouth and slap composers on the back, the kind which make producers stop using "cute" as a complimentary adjective and switch to "murder" in its stead. Perhaps they are the hardest to write and compose—I don't know—but without them a composer can write the smartest "material," "situation," "comedy," "fanciful" songs in the world, and still be without a producer or a publisher, and perhaps that's the way it should be. Now, generally speaking, there are only two, or at the best, three spots in a show where you can put these songs; that is to say, at points in the plot which call for expressions of love or for an occasional descriptive ballad. ("Bali Hai" in "South Pacific," for instance. Don't hold me to this: I know there are such exceptions as "Old Man River," but non-romantic hits are rare in most shows.) However, no general theory has ever been known to stop Frank Loesser, so we have, in "Guys and Dolls" no less than four songs which can be put into the above category. Two of them, "I'll Know" and "I've Never Been in Love Before," are legitimate love songs appearing at appropriate moments in the plot. But of the two other hit songs, one is introduced as satire ("A Bushel and a Peck," which is a remarkable take-off on musical material of night spots where entertainment is at burlesque-house level) and the other as a light comedy song ("If I Were a Bell," a feather-hearted expression of irrepressible good humor due to the application of small but steady doses of alcohol). The two legitimate love songs are stylistically completely unrelated and serve to emphasize Loesser's catholicity. "I'll Know," which for me is the more impressive of the two, has a characteristic Loesser device of extreme range, uncommon in popular songs:

Furthermore, as is often the case with Loesser, he squeezes every ounce of value out of a musical idea when it is a good one. In this instance, the middle part of the song grows out of the second phase of the first theme:

Actually there is no release (or middle theme) in "I'll Know"; the form, again unusual for a popular song, is actually ABC-ABC-A; most popular songs being A-A-B-A.

"I've Never Been in Love Before" is even stingier in musical material, since the whole song is made up of only one phrase, which is diversified through harmonic or slight melodic mutation but always in the same rhythmic pattern:

First Theme
Release. Same Theme
I've Nev-er Been In Love Be-fore But This Is Wine That's
Slightly Modified
All Too Strange And Strong

The skill in writing a song of this sort consists in keeping the auditor in a blissful state of ignorance about the paucity of the material.

IN ALL of his songs Loesser rather shies away from what has become the monotonously standard repeated eight-bar theme, eight-bar release, and a repetition of the first eight bars, making the non-startling total of thirty-two bars, without which no self-respecting song writer has considered himself to have delivered a song. But "A Bushel and a Peck" is but twenty bars, and throughout the "Guys and Dolls" score there are constant deviations from the conventional. That "A Bushel and a Peck" really started out in the composer's mind as a joke is obvious from the outset. It opens with a dissonant chord on the words "I Love You" which musically amounts to a slapstick comedian slap-

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

CHRISTMAS month, always the year's peak in the gramophone industry and this year promising to be the busiest within memory, has dealt us a grievous blow by taking from us, at the age of only thirty-three, the Rumanian pianist-composer Dinu Lipatti. Not that his death has come as a surprise, for his health had been a source of constant anxiety even before his name became familiar to us after the war; we knew that whenever he was billed for a concert the odds were heavily against his being sufficiently well to appear. I heard him only once, when he was the soloist at Karajan's first appearance in this country, a concert that gave us a memorable recording of the Schumann Concerto by these two artists. There are few artists on whose behalf the gramophone will be seen, in years to come, to have performed as great a service as it has done for the late Dinu Lipatti. Had nature blessed him with a stronger constitution he would, I feel certain, have established himself as one of the greatest masters of the keyboard of all time, yet his records may still achieve what his frail body was unable to do during his short span of life.

When Lipatti was no longer able to leave his Geneva home for concert platform or recording studio, Columbia's engineers waited on him at his home instead and, when his condition seemed to improve—alas, it was only to be a temporary flicker of life—, he recorded the Bach Partita No. 1, the fourteen Chopin Waltzes, and the Mozart A minor Sonata, all in the space of one day! We have yet to hear the Mozart, but six records containing the Chopin Waltzes and the Mazurka in C sharp minor, Op. 50, No. 3, were released two or three days before his death on December 3. On that very day, still unaware of the fact that he was dying, I was reviewing this set for *Critique* (a monthly record guide which I edit) and wrote: "In a world so full of sloppy and sentimentalized Chopin playing, Lipatti's performance comes as a breath of fresh air entering into a stuffy room." My colleague Alec Robertson, well known critic and broadcaster, writes in *The Gramophone*: "I was continuously both interested and enchanted from start to finish and regard this recording as a highlight in the history of the gramophone. . . . The most hackneyed and overplayed numbers emerge freshly from the fingers of this great artist."

I QUOTE these remarks because I feel them to be of greater value than anything I could write now, which is bound to have an obituary flavor. I would merely add that readers of the *SRL* should sample this set as soon as they have the opportunity; such mastery of the piano as Lipatti displays, for example, in the Valse Brillante in E flat has not even been surpassed by Horowitz, and in addition to the dazzling finger-work the performance delights by the tastefully and intelligently applied rubato and its musicianly phrasing.

As 1950 draws to a close it is already obvious that it has been one of the most successful as well as momentous years in the history of the

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Recordings in Review

Two Sorcerers

DUKAS: *"L'Apprenti Sorcier." Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor 45-rpm album 1416, $3.35; 78 rpm, $4.75.) *Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* (Columbia LP 2156, $3.85.)

ANY TIME anyone dilates on the virtues of consistency, let this example of so great a man as Toscanini's "inconsistency" be remembered. For in re-recording "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" for the first time in a decade and a half, Toscanini has agreed with those who have been contending all the time that it couldn't possibly be played at proper tempo on two sides. Thus, in place of the breathlessly headlong pace of his former two-sided version with the Philharmonic-Symphony, we have at last a three-sided version with the NBC.

All things considered, this is one of the most brilliant examples on record of the virtuosity of this orchestra in sheer ability to play fast and loud, slow and soft, on and off the beat. The ensemble is no epitome of caressing sound, but it certainly plays with magnificent unanimity. What emerges is more terrifying than amusing, but perhaps Toscanini has been going by Goethe rather than Dukas. The present length is just about ten minutes of sharp-textured 8H sound, but unique nevertheless. The additional pieces in the collection called "Toscanini Plays Light Music" are Kabalevsky's "Colas Breugnon" Overture and Waldteufel's "Skaters" Waltz. These are both the versions *previously* offered . . . and very far from what could reasonably be called "light music."

The Ormandy version is part of a well-tossed *salade française* with Debussy's "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" and the Honegger "Concertino" (see page 42). It is pretty much the same conception he squeezed onto Columbia 12584, getting the thing over with in nine minutes. For him, some further thought is evidently in order. Neither the conception nor the execution are within several abracadabras of the Toscanini wizardry.

Horowitz—"complete poetic understanding."

Words, Words

SAINT-SAËNS: *"Carnival des Animaux." Jascha Zayde and Leonid Hambro, pianists, with Andre Kostelanetz conducting his orchestra and Noel Coward reciting verses by Ogden Nash.* (Columbia LP 4355, $4.85.)

PROKOFIEFF: *"Peter and the Wolf." Serge Koussevitzky conducting The Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Eleanor Roosevelt as narrator.* (RCA Victor LP 45, $4.45.)

OF these two enterprises it may be said inclusively that one *perhaps* shouldn't have been made, that the other *certainly* shouldn't have been made. In putting verses by Ogden Nash in and around the Saint-Saëns "Carnival des Animaux" Columbia has been guilty perhaps of a lapse of taste; in putting the erstwhile "First Lady" before the microphone as interlocutor for Prokofieff's melodic fairy tale, RCA Victor has reminded us, unfortunately, of the exchange supposedly credited to Clemenceau on his meeting with Paderewski at Versailles. "Were you not once the world's greatest pianist?" queried the Frenchman. Paderewski replied, modestly, that some had said so. "And now you are Premier of Poland?" "Yes," admitted Paderewski. Clemenceau shook his head. "What a comedown." The comedown here is even more accentuated; for Mrs. Roosevelt's talents as a professional narrator are almost uncomfortably nil. Any country school teacher could do better. Koussevitzky's musical direction is more vivid than ever, the reproduction superb.

Turning to something a good deal less depressing gaiety is the touchstone of the Nash-Coward-Saint-Saëns "Carnival," with the old question predominant. That is, are spoken words desirable in a recording in which the music is meant to be heard over and again? My reluctant conclusion is no. Despite the general suitability of Nash's verses (I could do with a few less contorted end-rhymes like "highness" and "lioness," "simian" and "wimian," not to mention "harmonica" and "oniger") they would read a lot better as program notes than they sound as verbal addenda to Saint-Saëns' delightful fantasy. But, then, Columbia wouldn't have the publicity value of Coward's highly artful participation as verbal M.C.

At root, however, I feel a deeper disquiet about the Nash-Coward embellishment of Saint-Saëns, since it provides a verbal distraction from the self-sufficient musical creation of the composer. The annotations omit any mention of such delightful by-play as the use of the galop from Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers," *adagio maestoso*, to suggest the turtle; or the take-off on Luigini's "Ballet Egyptien" for the lion; or the quotation, in the basses, from Berlioz's "Danse of the Sylphes" for elephants; and it ignores completely that what it calls "Mules" was a gibe at music critics called "Creatures with Long Ears." And the spoof about betting on the turtle loses point in rhyming "pauper" with "torpor"; didn't the tortoise actually beat the hare?

Columbia could rectify this injustice to those who would be satisfied with the superb musical performance by Kostelanetz and company by issuing it without the Coward-Nash verbalizations. That is quite possible, since the musical performance was recorded on tape before the words were added. Thus, Nash could have his cake, and we could eat S-S's music. In any case it ranks among the finest sound Columbia has made in this country. The overside of the LP offers Ravel's "La Mère l'Oye," previously issued on 78.

Horowitz for History

SCHUMANN: *"Kinderscenen." Vladimir Horowitz, piano;* also CHOPIN: *Seven Mazurkas.* (RCA Victor LP 1109, $5.45.)

AS those who remember a famous Horowitz recording of the Schumann "Arabeske" are aware there are certain works of this composer of which the peerless virtuoso has not only complete pianist domination but also complete poetic understanding. By some chemical factor unknown to me, the "Kinderscenen" proves to be such a one, and the issue is a recording that may endure for long as the best of Horowitz's art.

From the frisky "Hasche-Mann" to the beautifully imagined "Träumerei" Horowitz is at one with the fanciful

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mood and demeanor of these episodes. If the reproduced sound almost digs into the ears with its steely clangor (in forte passages), it is most clinging and beautifully resonant elsewhere. Certainly it is the most impressive piano LP issued by a domestic maker, without a trace of waver and with marvelous detail. So far as Horowitz is concerned Town Hall is just a recording studio; he has never to my knowledge appeared there in his professional career. This is brilliant proof of the piano recording it can make possible.

The Mazurkas (four are in C sharp minor, Opus 41, No. 1; Opus 30, No. 4, Opus 63, No. 3, and Opus 50, No. 3; the others are the D flat Opus 30, No. 3, the F minor Opus 63, No. 2, and the F sharp minor, Opus 59, No. 3) contain some of the most exquisite, vital, and masterfully controlled playing we have heard since such as Rosenthal and Friedman, Pachmann and Cortot last passed this way. The Opus 30, No. 4 is especially arresting in its articulation and expressiveness.

The Lyric Muse

WAGNER: *"Die Meistersinger (Act II, complete.) Paul Schoeffler, Hilda Gueden, Gunther Treptow, O. Edelmann, etc., with Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.* (London LP's 284/285, $5.95 each.)

ROSSINI: *"La Cenerentola" (abridged). Giulietta Simionato, Cesare Valletti, Cristiano Dalamangas, and others, with Mario Rossi conducting the orchestra and chorus of Radio Italiana.* (Cetra-Soria set 1208, $11.70.)

MOZART: *"The Impressario." Lois Hunt, Edith Gordon, and Luigi Vellucci, with orchestra conducted by Hermann Heinz and Erich Leinsdorf.* (Mercury LP 15025, $3.85.)

LONDON'S ascendancy in the field of opera recording, well begun in "Die Entführung" and better continued in "Die Fledermaus," moves to a new level of quality in this historic second act of "Meistersinger." I use the big word with caution but also with conviction. It is not only the first time that this stretch of music from double bar to double bar has been on records, but also the first time that many of us, dependent on the Metropolitan for "Meistersinger," have heard many integral episodes. I refer particularly to much of the dialogue of Sachs with Eva, and with Beckmesser, generally elided.

Moreover, we hear it in a musical exposition of the first quality. Schoeffler's ability to characterize with his voice is brilliantly exemplified here, for all the puzzlement, compassion, and initiative of Sachs are conveyed by sound alone. Perhaps it is not quite as mellow a voice as Schorr's, but the health of the sound, the virtuosity of its use are hardly less. Of next importance is the superb insight of Knappertsbusch into this score, his command of its bulk and content. Some parts move more slowly than we are accustomed to hear them, but the proportions justify the means. O. Edelmann sings a fine Pogner, Hilda Gueden an uncommonly youthful Eva, and Günther Treptow (soon to be heard at the Metropolitan) a resourceful Walther. Anton Dermota, last month admired in "Fledermaus," shows that David is well within his capacity. The arrangement of the music on four LP sides permits a spacing of grooves to the advantage of London's best sound.

Cetra's pioneer effort on behalf of "Cenerentola" ("Cinderella") demonstrates that there is much more in this score than commonly meets the ear—that is, the engaging Overture and the florid "Non più mesta." It all moves along much like the one Rossini score with which all are familiar—"Il Barbiere"—and with a deal of characterization to suggest that it might be a welcome deviation of fare from that

(*Continued on page* 50)

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See page 47 for Pop Roundup

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach-Casella: "Chaconne." Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the E.I.R. Orchestra. Cetra-Soria LP 50,044, $5.95.	A remarkably defined and well-paced performance of an arrangement that varies, truly, from the sublime to the ridiculous. The recording is studio-style, apparently enhanced in the transfer to produce an electronic rather than a musical kind of brilliance. For comment on the overside Malipiero, see below, under M.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 2. Heinz Schröter with the Bavarian Radio Orchestra conducted by Hans Altman. Mercury LP 15013, $3.85.	By some unfortunate quirk of manufacture, this reproduces in A rather than B flat (on a machine which otherwise renders everything properly). Those who are not disturbed by this discrepancy will find Schröter a thoroughly qualified pianist, the patterns well articulated under Altman's able direction. Clean, rather coarse orchestral sound.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 5 in E flat. Victor Schioler, piano, with the Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by Carl Garguly. Mercury LP 10060, $4.85.	Refinement and poise are the twin characteristics of this performance by the little-known Schioler, giving it rank comparable to those of Curzon and Serkin. I wouldn't put Carl Garguly's conducting of the orchestra beside Walter's for Serkin, or Szell's for Curzon, but it is thoroughly good nevertheless. The recording is inferior to the London in richness of sound, but a better LP than the Columbia. In all, a wholly good if not outstanding LP.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 8. Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LP 43, $3.85.	Not quite so boldly unconventional a reading as Mengelberg's of recent date on Capitol-Telefunken, but nevertheless strongly individual and, of course, a better likeness of orchestral sound. The low strings are especially well favored, with good detail in the woodwinds also; the total texture favors dryness. All told, the best all-round version.
Brahms: Quintet in F minor. Clifford Curzon, piano, with the Budapest Quartet. Columbia ML 4336, $4.85.	A welcome departure in policy by which Curzon, a London artist, has been borrowed by Columbia for this recording. The outcome is the best recording the work has ever had, provided your machine can atone for some oversteely sound from Roismann's violin. Curzon's work is admirable in musical temper, perfect in chamber music manners, not so portentously "Brahmsian" as some others would have this music sound.
Chopin: Concerto No. 2 in E. Ellen Ballon, piano, with London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Ernest Ansermet. London LP 275, $4.95.	Beautifully broad and sonorous reproduction of a rather four-square, uninflected performance by Ballon, whose playing is neither subtle enough nor varied enough in tone to match the direction of Ansermet. The versions of either Malcuzynski or Rubinstein are musically superior to Ballon's, with my favor remaining with Rubinstein.
Chopin: Sonata in B flat minor; Fantasie in F minor. Guiomar Novaes, piano. VOX LP 6230, $4.85.	The sensitivity, refinement and nuance which distinguished Novaes's recent set of Chopin "Preludes" are evident here, but not enough of the muscular power for the climaxes of these works, two of the biggest in the composer's repertory. This reproduction is as apt a reflection of her resonant, personalized tone as the earlier one.
Grieg: Concerto in A minor. Victor Schioler, piano, with Erik Tuxen conducting the Danish State Radio Sym. Orch. Mercury LP 15012, $3.85.	Strong, idiomatic delivery by Schioler of a work for which he obviously has a warm feeling. It is shared by Tuxen, to results more balanced in musical virtue than previous issues of Rubinstein with Dorati, or Levant with Kurtz. Thoroughly good LP reproduction from Copenhagen, where the work had its premiere in 1869.
Honegger: Concertino for piano. Oscar Levant, piano, with orchestra directed by Fritz Reiner. Columbia LP 2156, $3.85.	A welcome reappearance of a beautifully constructed, poetically evocative work of the Twenties, played with art and understanding by Levant. The warmly expressive slow movement is especially well delivered, with Reiner in better command of the orchestra here than in the fast sections where it predominates a bit. Clean recording, overbright for the piano. For the overside pieces by Ormandy, see page 40.
Malipiero: "Settima Sinfonia." Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the E.I.R. Orchestra. Cetra-Soria LP 50,044, $5.95.	The companion piece to the Bach-Casella "Chaconne" (see above). As Malipiero explains, his conception of a "sinfonia" does not follow "the play of thematic development," rather "a law peculiarly Latin." As such, it justifies its subtitle ("Delle Canzoni," "Of Songs") in a singularly lyric, cohesive way, through a coloration of strings and low brass highly personal to Malipiero. It is convincingly directed by Mitropoulos, and clearly, if a little dully, reproduced.
Mozart: "Dulcissimum Convivium," etc. Colette Lorand, soprano, with Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra conducted by Zoltan Fekete. Mercury LP 15026, $3.85.	Delightful vocal work by Lorand, a singularly clear-voiced soprano, in four sacred excerpts closer in spirit to the "Esultate, Jubilate" (K. 165) than anything else one can readily cite. However, Lorand's suave voice and cultivated style are more than a little overburdened by the two arias of the "Queen of the Night" from "Magic Flute" which are included on the ten-inch LP. She has an excellent sense of their character, but the notes above D are more glanced than struck, the sound quavery and edged. Fekete directs well, and the reproduction is satisfactory.
Rimksy-Korsakov: "Cortège des Nobles" ("Mlada"), etc. George Weldon conducting the London Sym. Orch. M-G-M LP E-525, $2.85.	A singularly ingratiating ceremonial by Rimsky-Korsakov, conducted with excellent style and orchestral coloration by Weldon. It shares one of the first "classical" discs to come from M-G-M with Balakirev's "Islamey" (Casella version), Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre," and the "Bacchanale" from the same composer's "Samson." Good value, though the big brassy recording is no more than a beginning in quality for M-G-M. Suavity is lacking, also the best balance.
Schubert: Symphony No. 2 in B flat. Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony. RCA Victor LP 41, $4.45.	An excellent repertory choice for Munch, for the orchestra, and especially for the music lover who has not had an alternative in years to the spirited but poorly recorded Barlow version on Columbia. This one is a model of deftness, played by the orchestra with not only its famous discipline but with more lift and spirit than most things they have recorded in the last few years. The variations are charmingly played, the contrasting wind instruments brightly reproduced.
Schubert: Quintet in C. Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. Westminster LP 50-33, $5.95.	One of the great masterworks of the chamber music literature played with affectionate understanding, and reproduced better perhaps than anything else Westminster has achieved. However, some tempi (especially the second theme of the first movement) are inordinately slow by usual standards. The rest is so good, however, that this may be indulged.
Strauss: "Aus Italien." Vienna Symphony Orchestra, directed by Henry Swoboda. Westminster 50-32, $5.95.	A Straussian first time, certainly in this country, and absorbing for its illumination of the early inclinations of the composer, even preceding the "Macbeth" recently issued by Westminster. Energetic direction by Swoboda, rather tense and sharp-edged sound from the strings. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Champagne for New Year's

FOR RAVEL enthusiasts the holiday season is brightened with three handsomely rewarding records. The crescendo of interest begins on an already elevated plane with the two piano concertos, now mated on one LP (London LP 76, $5.95). The Concerto in G is assigned to Nicole Henriot and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Charles Munch. "A concerto in the strict sense," Ravel termed it, "written in the spirit of Mozart and Saint-Saëns." It is precisely in this spirit that Miss Henriot plays. The fast outer movements sparkle drily, the middle adagio treads soberly, nobly: all is restrained and classical. Compared with this conception, which has the merit of jibing with the composer's, Leonard Bernstein's in an RCA album of two years ago emphasizes the jazzy element to such a point that an unsuspecting listener might almost mistake the composer for Gershwin. Which is the preferable manner? "Both," would be my considered answer; for each is cogent and revealing, and each bears its own brand of beauty.

Jacqueline Blancard negotiates the Concerto in D for Left Hand, abetted by Ernest Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra. London's engineers have treated the Swiss team less sumptuously than the French. I find the sound here dull and two-dimensional. In fact, the whole enterprise—musically as well as technically—has a heavy cast to it, as if permeated by the damp grizzle of a Geneva winter. On every count I shall maintain my allegiance to the prewar collaboration of Cortot and Munch.

With the issue of the Sonata for Violin and Piano, as played by Arnold Eidus and Brooks Smith (Stradivari LP 1005, $4.85), a last gap has been filled. No major work of Ravel is now left unrecorded (although "Daphnis et Chloe" is still to be offered in full). This sonata is remarkable for a "Blues" movement that sets the violin wailing like a tenor saxophone one moment and strumming like a Hawaiian guitar the next. As in the fox-trot section of "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," the ingredients may be *d'outre-mer*, but the manner is inimitably Ravel's. Less immediately accessible, but of equal invention, are the two outer movements—an opening allegretto, which demonstrates how "modern" this composer could be, and a scintillating final *perpetuum mobile*. My hat is off to Messrs. Eidus and Smith for pioneering so successfully. If I may make one reservation, it is that the piano does not always assert its full rights in the partnership. The "Blues" movement especially requires a stronger, more blatantly metallic, rhythmic base. On the LP's reverse is the Trio in A, this being its first appearance in uninterrupted form.

It is hard to say what gleams most brilliantly in the new recording of "Histoires Naturelles": the wit and charm of Jules Renard's texts, the allure of Ravel's music, or the genius of this re-creation by Pierre Bernac and Francis Poulenc (Columbia LP 4333, $4.85). Here is not the place to dilate on the amenities of this famous cycle, which remains one of the glories of song literature. The interpretation of the Bernac-Poulenc team merits further appreciation. Whether it is the strutting pomposity of "Le Paon," the mincing, Caspar Milquetoast character of "Le Grillon," or the tender wonderment of "Le Martin-pêcheur," Bernac projects with rare and compelling craft the essential purport of each song. As a distiller of musical essences, he is, I believe, without a peer among contemporary recitalists. To any young

(*Continued on page* 50)

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MOZART: VIOLIN CONCERTO No. 5 IN A MAJOR ("Turkish") & BACH: VIOLIN CONCERTO No. 2 IN E MAJOR. Endre Wolf and the Copenhagen Chamber Orchestra. MG10023—12″ Record, $4.85

MOZART: PIANO CONCERTO IN A MAJOR (K. 414). Margaret Knittel with the Bavarian Radio Orchestra under Rudolf Albert; CONCERTO FOR TWO PIANOS IN E-FLAT (K. 365). Heinz Schröter and Hans Altmann with the Bavarian Radio Orchestra. MG10007—12″ Record, $4.85

MOZART: SYMPHONY No. 28 in C MAJOR (K. 200). Bavarian Radio Orchestra under Rudolf Albert; SYMPHONY No. 25 in G MINOR (K. 184). Munich Philharmonic Orchestra under Kurt Eichhorn. MG10032—12″ Record, $4.85

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TCHAIKOVSKY: NUTCRACKER SUITE, Op. 71a. Kurt Graunke Orchestra under Werner Schmidt-Boelcke. MG15017 —10″ Record, $3.85

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JOSEF HAYDN:
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SYMPHONY NO. 95 IN C MINOR
Vienna Symphony Orchestra
Conducted by Hermann Scherchen

WL 50-46
LUIGI BOCCHERINI:
TRIO NO. 1 IN F MINOR, OP. 35*
TRIO NO. 3 IN E MAJOR, OP. 35*
TRIO NO. 6 IN E MAJOR, OP. 35*
Violins—Walter Schneiderhan
Gustav Swoboda
Cello— Senta Benesch

WL 50-47
SCHUBERT:
FOUR HAND PIANO PIECES:
RONDO IN D MAJOR, OP. 138*
RONDO IN A MAJOR, OP. 107*
MARCHE CARACTERISTIQUE, C MAJOR, OP. 121, NO. 1*
FANTASY IN F MINOR, OP. 103
Pianists—Paul Badura-Skoda
Joerg Demus

WL 50-48
HUGO WOLF:
FOURTEEN SONGS
Dr. Alfred Poell, Bass
Piano Accompaniment—Franz Holletschek

WL 50-49
GIOVANNI B. VIOTTI:
VIOLIN CONCERTO NO. 22, IN A MINOR*
Winterthur Symphony Orchestra
Peter Rybar—Violin
Conducted by Clemens Dahinden
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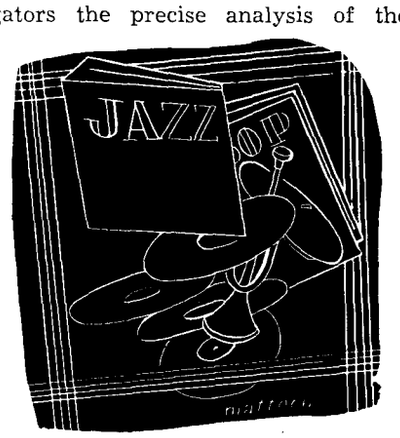
HITS AND MISSES

THE SUGGESTION has come to me that W. A. Mozart was at work in Austria at a time when cannon balls, then the latest instrument of human maleficence, were flying past his gables. Scholars may write me at 2 Valley Road, Princeton, New Jersey, pointing out that it was not W. A. Mozart, but F. Schubert, D. Buxtehude, or Orlando Gross-Pantaleoni, and I will not care very much. The point is that Fred Ramsey, Jr., in this stern age of the world, has dug into his collections for the latest long-playing production of Folkways Records: "Jazz Vol. II; the Blues" (LP, $5.95). This amounts to some of the best twelve-bar music you ever heard, nor is there a strict mathematical accounting of the bars. The cast of characters includes Blind Willie Johnson; Blind Lemon Jefferson; Vera Hall; Gertrude Perkins; Ma Rainey; King Oliver; Jimmy Yancey; Nolan Welsh; Jelly Roll Morton; the Original Tuxedo Jazz Orchestra; Bessie Smith; Louis Armstrong, and Johnny Dodds. Almost enough talent to make Ernest Hemingway miss a bullfight.

There is no accounting for taste, and when I last met Armstrong, and he pressed upon me the question of St. John Perse, I replied: "Louis, St. John is a beaut." Well, to get back to Ramsay, you could hardly do better than this disc for a Guy Fawkes Day gift. I will list a few others, all from the hot foundries of California. Peculiar as it may seem to the East, the horrors of Hollywood culture—and I do not exaggerate—have failed to discourage certain syncopators in that area. Behold:

Benny Strickler and the Yerba Buena Jazz Band: "Jazzin' Babies Blues," "Fidgety Feet," "Dippermouth Blues," and "Kansas City Stomps" (Good Time Jazz, Nos. 21 and 22, $1.05 each). I leave to future investigators the precise analysis of the transactions whereby a certain Lou Watters ceased to lead the Yerba Buena contingent (doubtless inside accounts are already in preparation) and the man Strickler, as they say, "attained." Let it simply be recorded that the Strickler records are corkers, in the New Orleans idiom, and if you wish more there are Watters's Yerba Buena efforts on a long-playing Mercury disc (C103, $2.85). The subscribers are warned that the first number on side A is entitled "Emperor Norton's Hunch."



While Hemingway is putting up his guns, we pass on the intelligence that Turk Murphy is with us again, wielding his Dixieland trombone with all the sagacity of a Learned Hand. This California paragon, a one-man answer to what used to be known as be-bop, continues to discourage the progressive crowd on four Good Time Jazz labels: "Irish Black Bottom," "Darktown Strutters Ball," "Ragtime Dance," and "Trombone Rag" (Nos. 17 and 18, $1.05 each). The last-named seems to us especially moving.

There are also four new sides by the pianist Armand Hug of New Orleans. It makes no difference what Armand plays; he is, as some of our choicest readers keep telling us, the real McCoy on the ragtime piano. There is not a flashy note in a billion. That is the negative side of the comment. The positive side you may hear on "Kansas City Stomps," "Good Gravy Rag," "Frog-I-More Rag," and "The Cosey Rag" (Good Time Jazz, Nos. 19 and 20, $1.05 each). If we seem to lean too heavily toward one label, we cannot help it. This is California's month.

We now deposit Geer's Formula. To all ambitious ear musicians we say: "Think the note." Or, as Sergius Kagen puts it in his recent, widely admired book on vocalism (substitute any variety of ear musicianship):

"The greater the singer's concentration on the complete sound image, the more relaxed his body seems to become.

"The more the singer tries to concentrate on the muscular activities involved in his singing, the more tense these very muscles he is trying to control may become.

"The more the singer's mind wanders during singing, appraising and analyzing the manner in which he is singing, the more self-conscious and tense he is likely to become."

Think the note.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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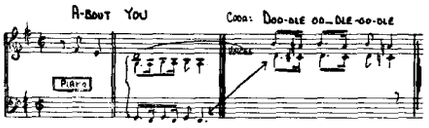
LOESSER

(*Continued from page 38*)

ping a partner with a floured powder puff:

The form of the song is an eight-measure phrase repeated twice, followed by a four-measure coda. The coda is made up of material which appears earlier in the accompaniment:



Loesser's songs are replete with such examples of extremely skilful manipulation of materia musica.

The "situation" songs for "Guys and Dolls" are without question responsible for a large measure of the show's dramatic success. The lyrics for "Fugue for Tinhorns," "The Oldest Established," "Adelaide's Lament," "Sue Me," etc., are as hard driving, laugh provoking, and plot furthering, as any of the dramatic lines in the show. (This is not to say that those lines aren't wonderful; they are, and to compare them with the lyrics is a compliment working in two directions.) "Fugue for Tinhorns" which (vocally) opens the show is an example of the triumph of a musical form. The mere fact that three bookies discuss the merits of a horse named Paul Revere in fugal fashion:

He Says The Horse Can Do If He Says The Horse Can
All De-pends If It Rhymed Last Night Lines Mud Lines
I Tell You Paul Re ... vere How Thrills

is enough to make the point of a very funny joke. The style of the song is highfalutin', and in wild incongruity to the subject matter and characters involved. The same is true of "The Oldest Established Permanent Floating Crap Game in New York," a cantata for male voices, sung with Handelian dignity, hat in hand, held over heart.

I suppose the most striking literary concepts are in the two songs "Adelaide's Lament" and "Sue Me," so striking, in fact, that there is little I can say about them without spoiling the fun for those of you who have not seen the show. But it is interesting to note that "Adelaide's Lament" was written before the book of "Guys and Dolls" had reached even the talking stage, and it at once establishes the character of Adelaide. "Sue Me" is again a fusion of musical styles; the carping of Adelaide at Nathan Detroit is in high-flown Verdian 6/8 rhythm, accompanied by exciting triplets in the brass; the agitation flies flat against the stone wall of Nathan's desperate calm. It is one of the most remarkable love songs of all time; for in essence that is what it is. The lively "Guys and Dolls" shows the lyric writer Loesser in a masochistic mood, or in a state of purity: he refused the easy way out in rhyming "doll" with "small" and other impurities, taking the position that his "doll" was strictly the New York pronunciation, and therefore rhymable only with such articles as "Taj Mahal" and "Barbasol" (in the New Yorkese), both of which he uses in the song!

The other songs deserve careful study, but unfortunately there is space for no more than a descriptive listing, which, it is hoped, further shows the broad scope of the composer's talent: "Follow the Fold" is a perfectly good Baptist hymn, usable, I should think, at camp meetings and devotional gatherings; "My Time of Day" is a poetical, Delius-like idyll, one of my favorites in the score for its intensity and (what I must embarrassingly call) rough passion; "Take Back your Mink" is again the night-club satire, with screaming chorus girls; "More I Cannot Wish You," a modal Irish tune, melancholy and sweet—I think it will show up for years to come.

Finally, and in proof of the first point I made about the songs for this show, is "Marry the Man Today," which goes far beyond the function of a show song since the lyrics serve to resolve the entire plot. The music, couched in *misterioso* Gilbert and Sullivan style, forewarns us of the grim determination of the two girls who sing the song, and the lyrics develop a philosophy which leads them to the action which finishes the story. Put that way it perhaps sounds simple-minded, but it is not often that a composer functions so perfectly in the integration of story and music — but then, it is not often that a fellow like Frank Loesser comes along. We ought to appreciate him.

Goddard Lieberson is executive vice-president of Columbia Records. An "original cast" recording of "Guys and Dolls" will shortly be available on the Decca label. The musical examples above are used by permission of the copyright owner—Susan Publications, Inc.

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Spotlight on the Moderns

THE Charles Ives cult has done a service in getting his music played and, more recently, recorded. But its fanatic devotion to every last note its idol put to paper, including the many weaker ones, leaves some people wondering at times what all the shouting is about. Cults are like that, and now we may judge for ourselves where the inspirations lie, for Polymusic has embarked on a survey of his works. Volume I (LP 1001, $5.95), done up in fine style from the acoustical and performing angle, with Vladimir Cherniavasky as musical director, has at least two little gems, "Over the Pavements," for chamber orchestra, and "Largo," for clarinet, violin, and piano. Their value is not in the undeniably prophetic dissonances for music written around 1900. That is a matter for the musicologists. It is, rather, in their atmosphere, which is also remarkable in "Central Park in the Dark." But so much reliance on a literary idea in a work of this length needs a movie or something to go with it. "The Unanswered Question" has a haunting, quizzical idea in the winds, repeated enough, however, for one to get the point after a few hearings. The required effect of offstage strings was achieved with the remarkable perspective by the engineers. But theatrical effects like this do not thrive on discs.

LEONARD Bernstein's "Age of Anxiety" has a similar theatrical touch when a pianino hidden in the orchestra continues from where the piano soloist leaves off (Columbia LP 4325, $4.85). In the concert hall, auditors craned their necks to see where the sound was coming from, suspecting the soloist of witchcraft, for he seemed to be still playing with his hands down at his sides. The effect is not so startling on records, though the engineers have done well by it, and they have done a stunning job with the reproduction of the whole. The trick is part of the "Masque," which is capital stuff on the level of our best jazz improvisations. Bernstein's conducting beat and the diabolic pianism of Lukas Foss determine the effect as much as the score. The rest of the work is excessively lengthened out with the rhetorical symphonic attitudes that so stellar a conductor as Bernstein might easily pick up in his daily chores of interpreting Strauss, Mahler, and their kin.

One theatrical effect more striking on records than elsewhere is hidden in Hindemith's Horn Concertino (Period LP 515, $5.95). I will refrain from giving it away, since it comes as a delicious little surprise in a work that is not particularly soaring, but will enrich the literature for horn. The epithet "soaring" should be reserved for the "Concert Music for Brass and Strings" on the other side, certainly the most consequential of the recorded contemporary works I have here at hand for review now. It is not well recorded, and the Vienna Symphony (Professor Hafner conducting) gives it a more sodden reading than the Concertino, but one that is accurate enough to enable us to enjoy the powerful surge of the material and the interlocking counterpoint of the two choirs. This product of 1930 towers above his First Quartet (Philharmonia LP 100, $4.85) of a little over a decade earlier. The Philharmonia record has good sound and first-rate playing by the Stuyvesant Quartet. The far more grateful Flute Sonata (1936) enjoys beautiful playing in the French style by Jean-Pierre Rampel, who extends his rare talents to Bach, Beethoven, Honegger, Roussel, and Dukas on the same LP (Mercury LP, 1067, $4.85).

A welter of contemporary Slavic music is on the current list. Between "Three Madrigals" (Decca LP 8510, $4.85) and "Sinfonietta Giocosa" (Mercury LP 10040, $4.85), by Martinu, I should choose the first. The top-flight artistry of Joseph and Lillian Fuchs, violin-viola duo, impelled Martinu to write the "Madrigals" for them after hearing them play Mozart's Duo, K. 424, on the other side of this LP. With such skilled players in mind he came forward with a duo as spacious and full as a quartet, and Decca has again distinguished itself in transmitting sonority. The movements of any score by this Czech-American composer start promisingly, but sheer motor impulse, rather than ingenuity of thematic material, often keeps them going. The Sinfonietta is an example of how he can try to get by with an aimless bustle. The chamber orchestra assisting Germaine Leroux's spontaneous performance of the solo piano part is less disciplined than the Czech Philharmonic (Jaroslav Krombholc conducting), which performs Janácek's "Lach Dances" on the other side—a work on the level of operetta of not too high a grade.

PROKOFIEFF has no less than five works among recent releases. It is fascinating to watch the slogans of a master manifest themselves in so many different terms. The choicest music in the lot is in the Sonata for Two Violins (Stradivari LP 1001, $3.85, with Mozart's Duo, K. 423, for violin and viola). This little opus of his Paris days (1932) is particularly tender in its melodies, and there is only a touch of his characteristic chug-chug of a locomotive that we find in the Divertimento of 1925-29 (Westminster LP 50-31, $5.95) or the Second Quartet of 1946 (Mercury LP 10045, $4.85). I prefer the sonata's conciseness to the insistence on folk themes in the quartet, which has a sumptuous oriental quality but has also so many comparable predecessors from "Petrouchka" on. The violin duo, Arnold Eidus and Louis Persinger, plays brilliantly, though not consistently so; the Fine Arts Quartet, clearly reproduced, does much to convey the powerful string writing of 1946 opus.

Henry Swoboda (conducting the Vienna Symphony) had a nice idea when he picked the Divertimento and its LP companion, an early Sinfonietta of the buoyant vintage of the "Classical" Symphony, since both works are fresh choices in the way of symphonic literature. The First Sonata for Violin and Piano also comes as a change from the perennial Second, but it is obvious from its discursive measures why it is not so frequently heard as its successor (Yehudi Menuhin, Victor LP 1087, $5.45, with a reissue of the Bartók unaccompanied violin sonata, formerly on 78 and 45).

Prokofieff is perfectly capable of tossing off a valid work without feeling it must be his *chef-d'oeuvre*, but his younger Soviet compatriot Shostakovich feels impelled to go through the motions at least of making very much of every work even when the material is not at hand. The Shostakovich Third Quartet of 1946 might have been an amiable series of dance-like episodes, with his inevitable banalities, were it not for a pretentious Adagio that tries ever so hard (Fine Arts Quartet, Mercury LP 10049, $4.85). The Trio of 1944 (coupled with the Prokofieff quartet above) is even more of an example. The opening harmonics of cello are so obviously forced on pedestrian material; the Largo is pure, drawn-out pose; the finale evokes a Hebraic dance with so much less dignity than Prokofieff's "Overture on Hebrew Themes." But the Trio gives us a rare sample of the composer's fluent playing of the piano and the extraordinary and smooth virtuosity of the noted Soviet violinist David Oistrakh. The reproduction is not good. Among other things, the mike picked up the extraneous sound of the fingers attacking the opening harmonics.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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Pop Roundup

THE FLOOD of piano releases resumed this month, and offhand we can't recall a more fruitful period. Columbia has augmented its PIANO MOODS series by two new LP's, both well above the average quality of the first five issues. The keyboard artists involved are jazz specialists Teddy Wilson and Jess Stacy, both of whom gained early fame in the Thirties as employees of B. Goodman. Stylistically they appear to be poles apart, but on close investigation it's fairly obvious that both are deeply indebted to the great pioneer Earl Hines.

Wilson, who was featured in Goodman's chamber groups, derived from Hines's right-hand work and has developed an essentially melodic style. Stacy, who worked with the big band, derived more from Hines's left hand, and his style is essentially rugged and rhythmic. That both are masters is apparent throughout the tastefully selected programs. TEDDY WILSON (COL CL-6153) contains eleven tunes on a ten-inch disc. Most are bright tempo affairs such as "Just One of Those Things" and "After You're Gone," but there's also a sensitively conceived "Bess, You Is My Woman Now."

JESS STACY (COL CL-6147) will have more appeal among traditionalists. His program contains "Lullaby of the Leaves," "Lover Man," and a brisk but not unattractive interpretation of Bix Beiderbecke's "In a Mist."

In a provocative but hardly prohibitive modern idiom there's the GEORGE SHEARING TRIO (LONDON LSF-61, 45, and 78 only). The blind British pianist mixes ballads and bop tunes equally here, and performs with superb technique and imagination. M-G-M has issued an exciting single by Shearing's later-day Quintet. The coupling is Jerome Kern's "Pick Yourself Up" and — where you can find it—"Roses of Picardy" (M-G-M 10859).

Show Stuff

Patrons of "Call Me Madam" may be disappointed when they discover that the "original cast" album RCA Victor (OC-1 [78]; WOC-1 [45]; LOC-1000 [33]) lacks one essential—Ethel Merman. The latter, due to contractual commitments, shows up in a less complete Decca collection (A-813 [78]; 9-153 [45]; DL-5304 [33]). This includes the top pop tunes from the Berlin scores, eight in all, while the RCA version also contains the special material, for a total of thirteen numbers. In the latter Miss Merman's role is filled by the more genteel Dinah Shore, with the assistance of such cast regulars as Russell Nype, Paul Lukas, and Galina Talva. Decca supplements the Merman contributions with individual numbers by Dick Haymes, Eileen Wilson, and Gordon Jenkins's orch. Haymes and Miss Wilson have better disc voices than the musical-comedy stars, but are less successful in projecting the nuances familiar to show-goers. For Merman fans the Decca volume is a must. For those with a penchant for complete Berlin scores RCA has more to offer. Personally, we prefer Miss Shore's way with a ballad, and for the record our favorite excerpt from the score is "You're Just in Love," as sung by Perry Como and the Fontaine Sisters on a single disc (RCA 20-3954).

The "Out of This World" album has yet to arrive, but the Cole Porter tunes have been growing on us through several exceptionally good singles. Without attempting to predict their eventual popularity we like "From This Moment On" and "I Am Loved," both ballads delivered with warm appeal by Doris Day (COL 39057). Equally attractive is Vic Damone's "Use Your Imagination" (MER 5555).

Those who insist that "They wrote 'em better in the old days" have powerful ammunition in Dave Rose's high-frequency instrumental recordings of "Liza" and "An American in Paris" (M-G-M-30291, 10"). The latter is from the major Gershwin work, and both are due for revival in MGM's "An American in Paris."

Instrumentals

By a "multiple exposure" recording process guitarist Les Paul has produced several discs in which he contrives to play as many as six guitars simultaneously. Since there are all sorts of ways to amplify the instrument electrically, he commands a wide range of tone and even percussive attack. Best example to date is "Little Rock Getaway" (CAP 1316).

Primarily for piano: Jack Pleis plays and conducts his own tasty concerto-style arrangement of "Sophisticated Lady" (LON 871) . . . On the same label Bill Snyder, of "Bewitched" fame, revives two more quality standards in similar mood. They're "Me and My Shadow" and "The Night Is Young and You're So Beautiful" (LON 876).

—BILL SIMON.

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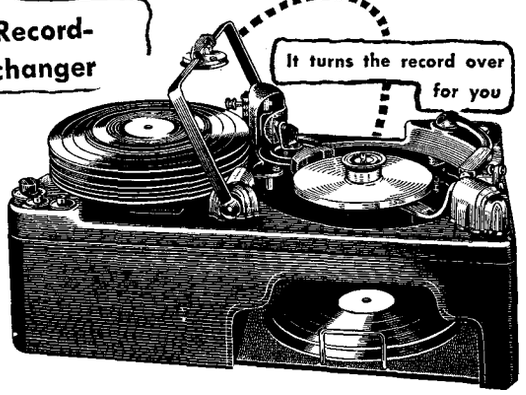

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Sapphires vs. Diamonds

SIR: A few months ago you published [RECORDINGS, Sept.] an article by C. G. Burke on the resistance to wear of sapphire and diamond styli. The amount of wear indicated by the photomicrographs accompanying the article was so extreme in the case of the sapphire styli that we decided to inspect our own well-used sapphire points.

These points have been used in equipment which is not of as high quality as that of Mr. Burke and, if anything, less elaborate equipment should lead to greater wear. The needle pressure was between six and ten grams for the three styli tested. On examination in the microscope we were unable to detect extreme wear.

The styli are shown in the accompanying photomicrographs. The point on the left has been used for six hours in an Astatic LP-33 cartridge. The center stylus is from a GE cartridge with forty hours use, and on the right is shown a sapphire with sixty-five hours use in another LP-33 cartridge. It is only in this last photograph that there is any evidence of wear, and even in this case the profile of the stylus has scarcely been changed.

These photomicrographs should be encouraging to the average owner of LP records, since they seem to show that the life of a sapphire stylus in normal use on all kinds of records (domestic and imported) is in excess of one year. The wear shown in this last case is not serious from a listening standpoint. A direct comparison of the two LP-33 cartridges gives no audible difference, and for those who prefer measurements the response of the two differs by only 2 db at 10,000 cycles.

If sapphires will last sixty hours or more—as it appears that they do—economic factors enter into the choice of a stylus. Diamonds are at least six times as expensive as sapphire points, which means that their use is economical only after six to eight years. If improvements in equipment continue as in the past, probably the record owner will want to change his whole pickup in eight years. To do so, he must discard a not yet worn diamond stylus. A sapphire stylus under these conditions would have been less expensive

We agree with Mr. Burke that a sapphire stylus cannot be used forever, as the diamond apparently can. The record owner must take care to replace it at the first sign of raspy reproduction. This should not occur more than once a year and should not prove too troublesome to the collector.

We realize that the photomicrographs we have taken are in serious disagreement with those of Mr. Burke. The basis of this disagreement is somewhat hard to find. Our conditions were identical so far as possible with one exception. We brushed our records clear of dust with a soft camel's hair brush of the type used for cleaning optical instruments rather than a damp cloth. Perhaps this latter method of cleaning contributes in some way to stylus wear.

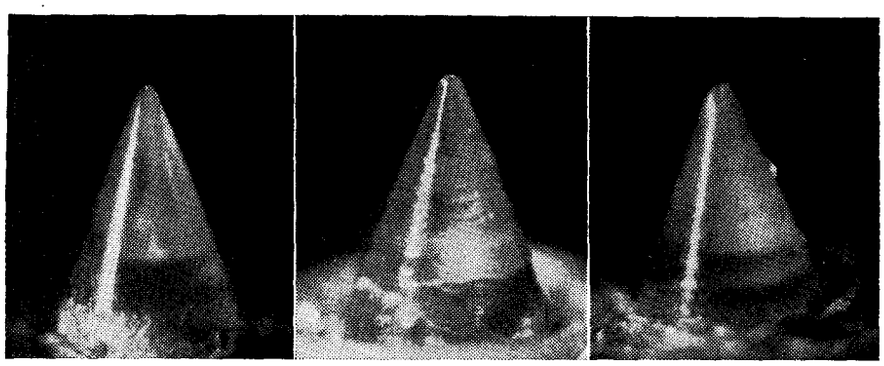
These results are interesting if only due to their disagreement with the previous results. They might in some way reassure the record collector, who has been worrying about his precious records for the last few months without being able to afford a diamond stylus.

W. R. J. BROWN.
J. H. ALTMAN.
J. J. DUANE.

Rochester, N. Y.

SIR: The photomicrographs, which seem to have been offered in complete good faith, offer evidence that sapphire points do not invariably wear out at the same rate. I have had other correspondence on the subject, and several readers who submitted examples of sapphire worn less severely than those shown in my photomicrographs pointed out that obviously arms and turntables contribute in varying degree to stylus wear and explain apparent contradictions in the findings of tests.

The photomicrographs submitted by your correspondents reveal much less abrasion than my own did. However, I must differ with these gentlemen on the degree of seriousness shown in the wear of the points pictured as having been used for forty and sixty-five hours, respectively. Your correspondents declare: "The wear shown in this last case is not serious from a listening standpoint"; and while this surprises me somewhat, it emphasizes the danger to records of any point betraying alteration of shape after a very finite number of hours, whatever the number may be; for if the alteration is visible only under the microscope, which is not an item of ordinary household equipment, in most cases wear will go on accelerating without hindrance, because the listener has not been able to detect any sign of it. It is the *assurance* that this is not happening that constitutes diamond's prime benefit to collectors. Of all the diamond points I have in use no variability in resistance to wear can be detected because none shows enough wear for the camera to illustrate. One of these has served for 308 hours.



Left to right: one-mil stylus after six hours use; one-mil stylus after forty hours use; one-mil stylus after sixty-five hours use.

The greater cost of a diamond stylus, your correspondents say, "means that its use is economical only after six to eight years." This conclusion is premised on a safe longevity for sapphire of sixty hours, and use of the stylus not in excess of an hour and a quarter per week.

I think the weight of evidence is against the first premise; and the second supposes a highly variable and unknowable factor—intensity of use—to be both constant and remarkably low. I know no one addicted to recorded music who restricts his enjoyment to sixty-five hours a year. Restricted to incomplete data I am nevertheless confident that sixty-five hours represents normal use of a phonograph during a period much closer to a month or six weeks than a year.

As for obsolescence of the pickup which could involve discarding a still unworn and expensive diamond point —there is, of course, some risk of that, although points can be salvaged from their cartridges, not without expense. But the risk is inherent in every phonographic component including the records.

C. G. BURKE.

Ghent, N. Y.

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(*Continued from page 39*)

gramophone. Anticipating that many people would use Christmas as a pretext for taking the plunge into LP, Decca has launched the strongest advertising campaign so far seen for the new system. Meanwhile the mighty advocates of "a common turntable speed" continue to turn out vast quantities of "standard" records, many of them direct rivals of particular LP releases. Among the latest of these are Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini," a solid, competent, performance by the Danish Radio Orchestra under Dobrowen; Schubert's "Unfinished" played in characteristic style (fine string tone, weighty and dramatic Allegro Moderato, sentimental and somewhat disjointed Andante con Moto) by Furtwängler and the Vienna Philharmonic; the magnificent new Beecham "Jupiter," and Galliera's impeccable reading of the Beethoven No. 7. Signor Galliera, who conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra, once again demonstrates the advantage of being an Italian and therefore able to understand that when Beethoven marked the Trio in this symphony *Assai meno presto* he meant precisely that and not *Andante con moto.* (There are, of course, his metronome markings for further guidance, and space forbids discussion of that old wives' tale which tries to suggest that Beethoven possessed a faulty metronome.)

One of the most extraordinary phenomena in recent gramophonic history has been the emergence as a lavish sponsor of neglected music of the Maharajah of Mysore, who appeared first as a champion of Medtner, though the attempts to popularize the latter's music by the issue of three Society Volumes have not met with conspicuous success. He has now extended his patronage to embrace much other rarely heard music. The title given to this venture is The Maharajah of Mysore's Musical Foundation. It was announced earlier this year that some eight works had already been recorded (the composers represented being Balakirev, Liapounov, Scriabin, Roussel, and Bartók) and that "His Highness has now approved a five-year recording plan, and after consultation with eminent musicians in several countries, a comprehensive list has been drawn up." We are now given the first work sponsored under the scheme, Balakirev's C major Symphony, a pleasant enough composition, if decidedly too long, well played and recorded on six Columbia discs by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Von Karajan.

This month Beecham is not only featured by Columbia, but he also appears on the "rival" red labels of HMV. The latter recording, made with the support of the British Council, is of the tone poem "Fifine at the Fair," by Granville Bantock, one of the best known of our elder composers (b.1868). When Bantock's early opera "Caedmar" was produced here in 1892, a well-known music critic (who signed his articles "G. B. S.") called it "an enthusiastic and ingenious piece of work, being nothing less than an adaptation of all the most fetching passages in Wagner's later tragic music-dramas to a little poem in which Tristan, Siegmund, Siegfried, Hunding, Isolde, and Sieglinde are aptly concentrated into three persons." "Fifine," a decidely ingenious and by no means dull work (though it lasts eight sides), was written ten years later and by this time the Wagnerian mixture had been enriched with other ingredients, notably Tchaikovsky and Richard Strauss. Beecham's eloquence blends all these influences into a remarkably convincing whole.

AMONG instrumental issues we have, in addition to the great Lipatti set, Beethoven's pensive and lovely Cello Sonata in C, Op. 102, No. 1. Schnabel and Fournier give a profoundly poetic account of this by no means grateful music, though as on previous occasions Fournier cannot quite match the supreme authority of his partner. On Parlophone the London Baroque Ensemble under Karl Haas have delved further into the rarely trodden paths of eighteenth-century wind music, giving us the glorious Adagio in B major, K.440A (also known as K.411) for two clarinets and three basset horns.

The vast quantities of vocal records recently published preclude any detailed report; some are already familiar to *SRL* readers. Others include a set of six ten-inch discs featuring *arie antiche* of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, sung by that *tenore antiche*, Beniamino Gigli, who ought to have made these records fifteen years ago. Despite the occasionally still ravishing mezza voce, there is little to enjoy here; Gigli was never a great stylist and his voice now shows some very threadbare patches. It is a relief to turn from such strained vocalism to the radiant and youthful soprano of Sena Jurinac, who for her first solo record has chosen to give us Marenka's great aria from Act II of Smetana's "The Bartered Bride." In this scene the composer goes well beyond the confines of peasant comedy; the recitative in particular achieves a Donna Anna-like mixture of sorrow and passion. Jurinac's performance makes one long to see her in the part, and the orchestral playing under Warwick Braithwaite is intensely beautiful; only the recording engineers fall short of this noble standard of achievement. Final mention must be made of Victoria de los Angeles in Granados's own transcription for voice and orchestra of "La Maja y el Ruisenor." Although the vocal part in this piece is really only of secondary importance by comparison with the evocative orchestral score, this record is as fascinating as any she has yet made.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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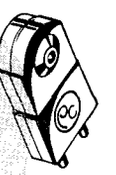

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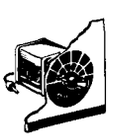

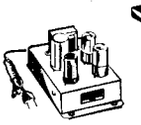

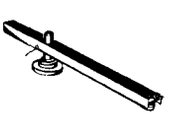

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CHAMPAGNE FOR NEW YEAR'S

(*Continued from page 43*)

singer who deems the be-all and end-all of existence a properly luscious B flat, I earnestly commend close communion with this recorded performance.

The disc contains an embarrassment of riches. Following the "Histoires Naturelles" are the three "Hebraic Songs," and on the reverse are two complete song cycles by Poulenc! If any reader is still unaware that Poulenc is the contemporary heir to the lyric mantle of Schubert, Wolf, and Ravel, these cycles—"Banalités" and "Chansons Villageoises"—should set him right forthwith. The recording is a fine technical achievement. As for the interpretation, it calls for that much misused adjective "perfect." I cannot imagine a more rewarding investment.

But wait. Having said so much, let me add further that the jacket notes are as bad as the performance is good. And in this instance program notes are important. "Fastidious artist that he is, Mr. Poulenc is careful to choose poetry for which he has a particular affinity." Having dropped this nugget of information, the anonymous annotator then proceeds to list *only* the titles of the songs, without an inkling of what the poems are about. Lacking a knowledge of the text, the still reverie of "Hôtel," the bitter sweetness of "C'est le joli printemps," the rhetoric of "Le Mendiant," the tragic cast of "Le Retour du sergent" can be experienced only partially. Is the poetry considered untranslatable? Then complete texts in French should be included. Record buyers are not dullards and can presumably make their way through a Petit Larousse. Indeed, I warrant most of us will make a better job of it than the fellow who summarized the "Histoires Naturelles" on this unfortunate jacket liner. His versions of "Le Cygne" and "Le Martin-pêcheur" miss the point entirely.

POULENC'S Mass in G (1937) is performed with precision and understanding by the Robert Shaw Chorale (RCA Victor LP 1088, $5.45). I find this composition less original than the songs, embodying more craft than real invention. But this is a judgment purely relative, and one, morever, at variance with the composer's own view of the matter. Certainly the Mass belongs among the few first-rate religious works of the past quarter century. RCA's engineers have contrived a fine cathedral sound. Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols" occupies the overside.

That great corpus of music headed

by the name Darius Milhaud seems to defy assimilation. Some day an astute commentator will thread his way through the three hundred odd opus numbers and devise a pattern whereby the prolific outpourings of Milhaud can be neatly arranged. Pending this happy enterprise I should like to make the tentative observation that much of his music seems to relate to two quite dissimilar styles. Like the playwright Anouilh, he has his "rose pieces" and his "black pieces." The former are mellifluous, bucolic, verdant; the latter are astringent, primeval, brusque. "Cantate de L'Enfant et de la Mère" could stand as an example of the first, "L'Homme et Son Désir" of the second.

However, just to confound any such pat schematization, in the "Opus Americanum No. 2" (1940), which the composer has recorded with the French National Radio Orchestra (Capitol LP 8114, $4.85), there is something like a blending of the two styles. Granted that this symphonic ballet based on the life of Moses may argue its point too lengthily, I am happy with the whole for the sake of its several impressive parts—the Overture, "Moses in the Wilderness," and "Crossing of the Red Sea."

—ROLAND GELATT.

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW

(*Continued from page 41*)

staple. Rossi's conducting begins by giving an over-all character to the enterprise with his spirited Overture, and organizes the excellent vocalists noted above into a real ensemble. Simionato handles her difficult assignment with distinction, and Dalamangas sounds like a highly desirable replacement for Baccaloni. Splendidly full reproduction.

Finally, "The Impressario." This is more an entry, of record, than a record of entry. An English text is used (or abused?); the singing is rather self-conscious and not particularly accomplished. The duplicate conductors are accounted for as follows: Heinz conducts the drama, but the favorite Overture is borrowed from a version by Leinsdorf with the Silvertone Orchestra. The latter is by much the best element of the enterprise, and independently excellent.

"Fledermaus" No. 2

STRAUSS: *"Die Fledermaus." Fritz Reiner conducting a cast including Jan Peerce, James Melton, Robert Merrill, Regina Resnick, Patrice Munsel, and Risë Stevens, with the RCA Victor Orchestra.* (RCA Victor album 1457, $8.50; LP 1114 $5.45; 45 rpm, $6.20.)

BY COMPARISON with the warm feast of melody and mirth served by London from its Viennese sources in last month's two-LP "Fledermaus" from Vienna, this is something of a cold buffet. Fritz Reiner's direction is incisive and certainly knowing; but everything moves at a rather accelerated pace in an effort to get as much as possible on the two sides of the disc. By omitting the usual waltz in the ballroom episode, dropping virtually all dialogue, eliminating the second verse of "Chacun à son gout," and drastically contracting the third act, a substantial amount of the score is covered.

I suppose there will be those who will welcome the English text; but I find more in it that is distracting than informative. Regina Resnick is an excellent Rosalinde, Robert Merrill a very satisfactory Falke, and Patrice Munsel facile but a little hard on the ear with her wiry sound. Of the other men, Jan Peerce is too operatic for Alfred, and James Melton very Nankipoo as Eisenstein. In smaller roles, Hugh Thompson (Frank) and Paula Lenchner (Ida) are capable. I don't mean to snub Risë Stevens, but she really has little to do as Orlofsky, in this version, and the thick Russian accent she affects is funnier, I think, than she means it to be.

As for recording, this is extremely sharp and close-detailed, of especial benefit to those such as Resnick and Melton who articulate well. However, the percussion is rather jangly, the string tone lacking in tonal warmth. Of notable worth are the big chorus and the sizable orchestra, which make the ensembles really festive. In the end, however, Wien is closer to wine than Manhattan is to champagne.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

More for Ponselle

SIR: Reading about the voice and art of Rosa Ponselle, I recollect a delightful moment when I was privileged to hear this exceptional voice at the dress rehearsal of her first performance at the Met in 1917. . . . In the auditorium I sat between Mme. Anna Pavlova and Léon Rothier. My husband, the late Mario Laurenti, was backstage. The impression I received that day has remained with me all these years. . . . My special favorites in Ponselle's recordings are her "Nightingale and the Rose," and the "Ernani" aria. . . . It would indeed be inspiring if she would make more recordings now, with all the latest improvements in recording technique.

LORETTA LAURENTI.

Guatemala City, Guatemala

SIR: Fine and dandy—music lovers are being reawakened to the glorious Ponselle voice. Can we not all get together and demand, entreat, and politely request that RCA Victor and Columbia reissue some of the great lady's recordings including some not previously issued? If the great lady would consent to enter the recording studio even now, her records would make the efforts of present singers pale and even duller.

SAM J. BLOCK.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: What great joy the recent letters of James Alfonte, Leo Taubman, and the others have given us. . . . Beside such unquestionable superiority, the *SRL*'s list of those "who have sung more than well" in the intervening years seems pale to us. . . . There exists no question of a come-back for Rosa Ponselle. Her ultimate artistry has never been absent from our minds and hearts. . . . But to hear her and see her on the opera or concert stage would be the answer to a prayer indeed!

PHYLIS GUBELMAN.
PATRICIA REICHARDT.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Something may be stirring in the Villa Pace. We understand that Mme. Ponselle has considered recording herself, on tape, before deciding whether she wants to go ahead with a commercial project. New methods may overcome her aversion to going to a special place at a special time to record. If Landowska can be tracked to her lair, why not Ponselle?*

Not So Simple Simon

SIR: Bill Simon's POP ROUNDUP in the current RECORDINGS is real nice, especially for his rhumba report. It's so hard to locate danceable tunes these days. Most records are just listenable. . . . I look forward to seeing this department again.

BETTIE SUMMER.

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Simon's shoes are well worn each month just from finding out how danceable records are. We intend to keep them that way.*

Bach or Sternberg?

SIR: I wish to take issue with your summary disposal of the initial efforts of the Bach Guild . . . I hold no personal brief for Jonathan Sternberg, whom I regard as an acceptable conductor but no more . . . But I do wish to register disagreement with your approach to the entire matter . . . For its enterprise alone, the Bach Guild must be saluted. It would seem to me that such a venture should be encouraged. It would seem to me that a critic's function does not only consist in telling his readers if a performance is good or bad. Rather, he must nurture every organization which gives signs of enriching the musical heritage of our country. And this, in my opinion, the Bach Guild does. Sternberg's Bach may sound like anybody's Bach, but in an area as yet virgin that is enough.

PHILIP SCOTT.

Colchester, Conn.

SIR: Recently, because of my deep interest in the cantatas of Bach, I acquired the three new records of the Bach Guild in advance of your appraisal. I must say that I was a bit disappointed in your over-all judgment, and startled to find that the individual defects regarding tonal balance in Cantatas Nos. 34 and 56 are not present in my records. Sternberg may not be a Toscanini, but I certainly feel his conception is more than adequate.

STANLEY BERGER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I do not know who I.K. is, but I would like to tell you that I, as well as a considerable number of friends . . ., heartily agree with his opinion of Jonathan Sternberg . . . Unless you give record buyers some first-rate conductors to match a first-rate orchestra and excellent soloists, the success of the Bach Guild will not live up to the expectations of the people who founded it.

MRS. ANDREW G. WHITESIDE.

Boston, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The subjective value, to an individual, of such an enterprise as the Bach Guild can hardly be measured by the critic. I might consider a complete catalogue of Johann Strauss waltzes "worth nurturing" without finding much agreement that they would be desirable in only "adequate" performances. As has been stated in these columns before, repertory alone cannot be a cause for commendation; there has to be a reasonable coincidence with accepted standards. If those who love these works want them in this form, the option is theirs; but I feel that many people with borderline enthusiasm would be more attracted by first-class performances than by second. Hence, in the long run, the Bach Guild would profit by attracting more purchasers for a quality product than disappointing some who might find the level below expectations.*

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